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RUTH.

(A TALE OF THE WEST.)

Angelina. Yes, believe me father ;
You shall ne'er choose for me ; you're old and dim, sir,
And th' shadow of the earth eclipsed your judgment.
You've had your time without control, dear father,
And you must give me leave to take mine now, sir.

THE ELDER BROTHER.

A FEW years since (history is silent as to the exact date) there resided in the flourishing village of F——, on the north side of the Missouri River, a merchant who, by economy, speculation, and certain equivocal transactions which he had no great temptation to reveal, had become its richest inhabitant. He was a trader in extensive business, having the entire ownership of several flatboats, besides a large share in a steamer, that was seen regularly three times a year sweeping up the river, laden with the produce of another zone, and putting to shame, as she drew in towards the shore, the humbler craft whose uncouth looking hulls crowded the port. Opposite the river, and only separated from it by the breadth of the street, stood the trader's house—a large three-storied tenement, about two-thirds of which were devoted to business, and the remainder to domestic purposes. It was distinguished from the rest of the buildings in the street by its greater height, and by a huge beam which projected from the highest window in the ware-house, somewhat in the form of a gallows. From this beam depended a thick rope, which, to the eye of

an inlander, must have added to the sinister appearance of the machine; but in the iron clicks at the end, and the blocks at the upper part, the boatmen of Missouri might recognise that sort of tackle by which heavy goods are hoisted into the loft.

Jacob Winter in appearance bore no small resemblance to those leathern ladies and gentlemen of Egypt who mount guard at museums in glazed sentry boxes. He was aged, brown and shrivelled. His features were hard and his heart harder. You could read the interest table in the wrinkles on his brow; trace the "rise and fall" by the look of his countenance; while avarice, selfishness and money-getting glared from an eye gray, glassy, and full of speculation. He went about like Milton's Eve, in "sober gray," with a quiet, creeping step, neither looking to the right hand nor the left, chary of his words as of his money, having no eyes for the beauties of earth or the splendor of heaven—no ears for the melody of sweet sounds—no relish for the creations of intellect. Deep thinkers are said to be deep drinkers. I think not. But, be this as it may, there are no better gastronomers than those who never think at all; and the digestive powers seem in most instances in exact proportion to the deficiency of intellect. Jacob Winter was an illustration of this. No man was better constituted, by physical capacity, for great feats at a "dining out." But proficient as he was on all occasions where the responsibility of his own purse was not involved, he was rarely tempted to witness similar exploits at his own table. There were one or two occasions, indeed, which he signalized in this way; such as the arrival of his steamboat, and once when he had driven an excellent bargain in beaver. But these were mere solitary instances, and always succeeded by silent repentance, and an effort to reconcile himself by stricter economy. Then were the inmates of his house condemned for three days together to witness the apparition of the same beef-bone upon the dinner-table; and when at last they laid it in the Red Sea, the fossil remains of a herring or a cat-fish not infrequently supplied its place. The French restaurateurs, who give dinners at twenty-five sous a head, pompously announce in their bills, "*Pain a discretion*," well knowing that no person of the least discretion will eat much of so sour a commodity; and Jacob informed his clerk and daughter that he left the small beer to their free and uncontrolled disposal, though he must confess he abominated tipplers. It was rather magnifying things to give such a pigmy beverage, innocent of hops, and scarcely tinged with the first blush of

malt, the name of even small beer ; but the same cause that made Mr. Winter lavish, made the liquor poor—it was a present.

Jacob's wife had long been numbered with the dead ; indeed it was the wonder of the whole village how the poor woman continued to live as long as she did. After her death he never sought a second rib ; probably because he thought the search would be attended with considerable trouble to no purpose.

The affairs of the counting house were managed, under the master's superintendence, by a sharp-witted, bold-hearted youth, a distant relation of the late Mrs. Winter. Ask who was the best shot, the stoutest wrestler, the most expert boatman, the handsomest and bravest fellow in the whole county of H——, and the answer to all would be, Frank Butler. Considering the differences of temper and habit between Frank and his master, and their perpetual squabbles on the subject of *butcher's meat*, the one declaring he should die a beggar, and the other swearing he would not live like one, they got along much better than could be expected. Indeed Jacob had as much regard for his clerk as he could have for anything but his dollars and his daughter ; for Frank never asked him to lend money or to go bail—the most approved moralists agreeing that no length of acquaintance, no intimacy of affection warrant such applications.

The domestic economy of his household was under the direction of his daughter Ruth, a fair-haired, bright-eyed girl of seventeen, gay as the lark singing in the morning sun, and as sweet and modest and graceful as the primrose of the spring. She was the admiration of all the young men of the neighborhood, who toasted her health in huge bumpers of toddy, after the fashion of F—— ; and even strangers, whom business already brought from far and near, threw “sheep's eyes” at her as she tripped along. She had not a Greek visage nor a mellifluous name. There was no exquisite combination of color in her cheeks—no lilies and roses, no diamonds, no rubies, and yet the face itself was perfectly captivating. Her lips were thin, but eternally charged with an expression of arch gravity or undisguised pleasure, which the restless heart supplied in such continual succession as totally to exclude all thoughts of considering their claim to mere material beauty. The eye was gray and shrewd in its moments of comparative inaction, but full of fire, of passion, of mirth, of feeling, or of *fun*, according as those varying emotions were stirred within her bosom. The whole countenance

fell into a character of intensity and animation, which gave the fairest promise in the world of the evenness that might be expected from the mind and temper. It was the veritable window of the heart for which the philosophic braggart affected to sigh, and was only to be loved for the revealment of the spirit that was in it. "She is not handsome decidedly," said Frank to himself; "she is none of your brick and mortar beauties; but I like her the better—there's soul about her."

Her power over her father was considerable, and in numerous instances a source of great comfort to her father's clerk; for though the devices which Frank sometimes put in practice to mend their cheer were decidedly ingenious, they were usually attended with rather unhappy results. On these occasions Ruth acted as mediator between the two rival powers, and a pleader for mercy in favor of the weaker party. Her mediation seldom failed of its effect; and whether it was gratitude, or "the strong necessity of loving," I know not, but Frank did love his cousin (twenty times removed) with a vehemence proportioned to the turbulent strength of his character.

This evident partiality of the young people was by no means satisfactory to Jacob. Frank to be sure was clever and steady in the main, and well nigh indispensable in his business, but he was poor, and without money, and if not actually dead in the law, he was in Jacob's opinion *all as one*. Frank, however, was not discouraged either by his own poverty or his master's sour looks; he was secure of Ruth's affections, and he determined to marry her. Of this he did not make any secret, but with an impudence peculiar to himself, took every opportunity of hinting his intention to his employer. This produced much dissension between them, but at last answered the youth's purpose completely. The wrath of Jacob became less bitter every time; and at length the dose was so often repeated, that it ceased to be offensive, and by degrees, imperceptible to himself, he came to look upon his clerk as his future son-in-law. Matters were in this position when the "steamer" arrived from New Orleans, and for a while drove all other thoughts out of the merchant's head. Even Frank was so completely engrossed by the multiplicity of business which this event produced, that he saw very little of Ruth till after the discharge of the vessel. At length the bustle was over, and things subsided into their usual state; the cargo was hoisted into the ware-house, the boat despatched, and the counting room assumed its accustomed appearance of quiet industry. It might almost have been forgotten that

such an event had occurred, so totally were all vestiges of its effects removed or concealed, but for one troublesome memento, which now began to give Frank no little uneasiness. In addition to her usual freightage of rum, coffee and sugar, the good boat had been charged with a Frenchman, the possessor of a considerable fortune, and who had come up the river (bearing letters of introduction to Jacob) with a complement of the *black cattle* used in that quarter of the world for its cultivation.

I shall not speedily forget the first time I had the honor of seeing Monsieur Vaurieu. A sharp hook nose, and a jaw of more than ordinary dimensions—a face long and lean, and a complexion so cadaverous that it seemed a reflection from the pale flag of death, bespoke the Frenchman. His shoulders rose on each wing of him to a level with his mouth, overlooking his person like promontories, from whence his arms “swung clattering” like the handles of an old fashioned pump. He was in full dress for a village ball, and was remarkable for the singularity rather than the taste of his costume. His coat was of the genuine Pomona green, with a collar reaching to the crown of his head. His waistcoat was white and studded with three rows of small yellow buttons. Canary colored small clothes (*horresco referens*) with flesh colored stockings decorated the “trifles upon” which “he stood,” and a pump, which might emulate a vice, developed the corns and bunions on his foot to exquisite advantage. His cravat, which at least he took an hour to adjust, was fastened in the centre with a yellow cornelian, and beneath it a waving banner of frill sported in the wanton zephyrs. A silver eye glass with a red ribbon, white kid gloves, and a cue long enough for a billiard player—the portrait is complete.

Yet grotesque as was his appearance, he soon proved a formidable rival to our friend Frank. His riches would in all probability have secured the father, even when put in competition with the daughter's happiness; but in addition to this, Jacob, though a shrewd man, and abundantly stocked with worldly wisdom, had one weak point;—he was egregiously fond of flattery. I ask the observant reader—him, I mean, who finds food for speculation in the fantastic variety of the human character, and gathers something for his stock of knowledge from every individual he meets in his path—I ask, if it ever struck him as a permanent peculiarity, that those who affect to be the least are the most susceptible of this insinuating quality, and that your thorough bred men of the world who are so sensibly impressed with the importance of wealth

as to expect from it universal homage, are in this respect among the weakest. Jacob, with his forbidding exterior, seemed to set flattery at defiance. You would as soon think of soothing a prairie wolf with the melody of a lute; yet his weakness in this point formed in fact the ground-work of an event the most important in his whole existence.

Vaurieu, with the cunning which nature had given him in the room of other gifts, studied his peculiarities and found out where he was vulnerable. He began by covertly applauding his prudence, insinuated hints of the agreeableness of his person, manners and disposition; first, with the deference of an inferior, and then, as the bait took, openly, and with the independence of an equal. To this he added a few other little attentions. He prudently thought that he had better fill Jacob's mouth before opening his own, and accordingly sent him numerous presents of poultry and venison. All invitations to dine he wisely refused, but he frequently had Jacob's company at his own table, where the merchant got his full share of the meat, and drank the wine which he preferred to all others, videlicet, that which he tippled at other people's expense. These, with a few arts, such as selling him a negro at a bargain, and dropping a will wherein the old gentleman was "freshly remembered," made such rapid advances in Jacob's heart, that from "*amicitiam alicujus appetere*"—(having an appetite for the Frenchman's acquaintance)—he soon became as familiar with him as Ketch with a felons's neck, or Faustus with the devil. I say nothing of Damon and Pythias, because the affair happened in a far distant country and a long time ago, and perhaps, therefore, it is not true. Having thus paid for and secured the good wishes of the merchant, Monsieur now began to play the part of a turtle dove in downright earnest. Content before with solitary, abstract cooing and sighing in the centre of the room, which, like a love-letter without a superscription, or a serenade in the middle of the street, might be claimed by any one, he now came to the explanatory accompaniments of admiring glances and tender sighs, and from these to personal declaration. This rash measure was ventured upon one evening as they were ascending an Indian mound in the neighborhood. Unfortunately, however, as he was about to kneel, Frank made his appearance; in his confusion Vaurieu lost his hat, in attempting to recover it he swerved from his perpendicular and rolled to the bottom of the hill, and he rose, bearing a broken branch in one hand, and a green turf in the other—tokens of his involuntary descent—only to hear the

shrill notes of female laughter borne after him on the breeze, and to find that his bruises were of sufficient magnitude to require the aid of brown paper and vinegar.

This untoward circumstance was mortifying to be sure, for as Monsieur very justly observed, "Ve Frenchmen are enough philosophers to care ver little for appearances in de house, and to know dat tis ever ting in de street;" but this was not all, for hardly a day passed in which Vaurieu did not call upon Jacob with a heart rending account of some practical joke which Frank had seen fit to play off upon him, and which, however it might point a moral or adorn a tale, was by no means agreeable either to Jacob or his friend. They determined therefore upon getting rid of the contumacious Frank, and his rival suggested the expediency of a quarrel and his consequent dismissal. This was an act, however, easier talked of than executed. Jacob tried it over and over again in his mind, but the difficulty was to manage it so as to have some color of justice on his side; without this it could not be thought of—the whole town would cry shame on him. It at last occurred to him that it would be a very easy matter to push some of the disputes, that were of almost daily occurrence between him and his self-willed clerk, just a step or two beyond the point at which they had hitherto terminated. "His blood will then be up," said he, "and if I am not much mistaken in Frank, he'll give me cause enough to pack him about his business, and probably to hasten him with a ruler or an inkstand." Whether it happened that Ruth got some intimation of the line of action determined on by the confederates, and gave her lover the hint, or whether honest Jacob went too inartificially about it, I cannot very well say; but the next morning when his employer walked into the counting house with a stately step and a sour visage, and sat himself down on the opposite side of the desk to watch for cause of offence, he found the usually rampant Frank in a temper so perfectly angelic, that no Christian man could have said a cross-grained word to him. In vain he tried to start some subject on which they might have the good fortune to differ. Frank was of his patron's opinion in everything. He even ordered him to make an entry which he knew to be wrong; but Frank, without so much as arguing the matter, obeyed at once; and when Jacob affected to discover the error, took the whole on himself, blaming his precipitation, and erasing the mistake with much apparent contrition. In short, the enemy was fairly baffled, and Frank maintained his stool in triumph. A plan which they then started for

sending him with a trading party about leaving F—— for Santa Fee, met with no better success. For Frank thought that going out by no means implied returning; and as love never fails to sharpen a man's wits, provided he has any to sharpen, he feigned himself sick, and submitting to be blooded and potioned by Erastus Daffy, M. D., and to have the torments of the wicked pointed out to his observation by a tract distributor in the shape of the doctor's sister, continued to thwart the benevolent design of the conspirators, and to let the caravan pursue their "winding way" without him. Driven to desperation by frequent disappointment, the Frenchman now resorted to a less equivocal method;—and here, my fair and kind readers, and my readers who are neither kind nor fair, the 'interest' of the story commences, for as yet I have thrown out no bait which could induce even a minnow to nibble at my *lines*.

Ruth was sitting alone in the parlor when her lover stalked into the room hatless and shoeless, like an apparition of the drowned, his face pale with cold and fatigue, and his dark locks hanging over his brow, and dropping a sweaty rain upon his temples.

"In His name, Frank Butler, what has come over you?" exclaimed his terrified mistress; but Frank, without answering, sat down beside her all dripping as he was, and putting back his hair with his blue fingers, that he might see and hear distinctly, turned himself on his chair so as to front Ruth, and fixed his watery eyes on her face.

"Ruth," said he at length, "do you remember that your father wanted to turn me out of the business after a long and faithful service, and that I endured daily the torments of the damned, keeping my tongue within my teeth, when he came on with his taunting jest to try the fortitude of my patience—and all for love of you, Ruth?"

"To be sure I do, Frank, but what has that to do"——

"And do you remember," interrupted Frank, "that I was nearly marched off to Santa Fee, as innocent of all thoughts or desires thereto as a bale of calico, and that to escape I was fain to lay eighteen hours on my back without turning, and to let that infernal quack try all that he could to get the breath out of my body—and all for love of you, Ruth?"

"To be sure I do, dear Frank; yet you know the doctor said you were all the better, body and soul, for the doses of 'Daffy's Elixir' you got from him, and of doctrinal truth from his sister; but for mercy's sake and mine, what has that to do"——

"Then know now," cried Frank impatiently, "that my life and liberty have been attacked! Single handed I fought against six murderers set on me by your father and your new wooer—and when they found they could not kill me so easily, they bound me hand and foot, carried me out into the river and put me on board a flatboat bound for St. Louis, from which I escaped by little short of a miracle, swimming all the way under water till I gained the shore—and all for love of you, Ruth."

Almost screaming with surprise and horror, Ruth heard this dreadful narrative, which it would have been impossible for her to believe but for the irrefragable evidence before her in Frank's person dripping with the very water through which he had swam, and bruised with the very blows he had suffered. Her eyes filled with tears, and regardless of the damage her dress might sustain by the contact, she threw herself into his arms. "Oh, what shall we do," cried she, "that hateful old villain will murder you before my eyes—I almost wish you had gone to"—

"Hush, hush!" interrupted Frank, "I'll tell you what we shall do—you shall run away with me!"

"A likely story, indeed," said Ruth, raising her head coquettishly from Frank's shoulder.

"At any rate," continued Frank, "I cannot stay here to be turned out of doors, transported, poisoned, stabbed and drowned—I am off to-night."

"To-night!"

"Ay! to night," said Frank in his most peremptory tone, and then, lowering his voice and taking Ruth by the hand, added softly, and looking her fondly in the face, "will you go with me, Ruth?" Ruth still said "a likely story," but in a less decided tone. "I have a plan," continued Frank, not seeming to doubt her consent, "by which we shall have a whole night's start. McCoy's boat is in the river bound for the Bluffs, where you know my brother is stationed—he has agreed to take us, and give you up the cabin—once at the garrison the chaplain will unite us. I will contrive to be locked into the ware-house to-night, where you can easily join me by the door that communicates with the dwelling house, which is never fastened. You shall then, for want of a better mode of egress, just make the venture you did when you were a girl—descend into the street from the upper window by the crane—only I will take care to fasten a chair to the clicks and tie you well on. As for myself I can slide down the rope after you as I have often done."

To this arrangement Ruth, though none of your novel reading misses, finally consented. But unluckily our Frenchman took his station that very evening beneath the window of his mistress, intending to pierce her heart, like Hamlet's uncle, through the "porches of her ears." In plain English, he was about to tune up his penny trumpet voice for a serenade. The lights, however, were still burning, and, much to the discomfiture of our amateur, continued to burn till he was rather cold, very sleepy, and as cross as "a lugged bear."

In this predicament, afraid to rest on the damp ground for fear of the rheumatism, he was fain to carry a stave from the shed, and fastening it by the middle to the iron click of the important rope, to rest his weary limbs by setting on it astride, while he embraced the hempen comforter with his arms. It was in this singular and unaccommodating posture that he was pointed out by Frank to his trembling mistress. I do not presume to follow the thoughts of the worthy gentleman while he sat taking his rest in so unusual fashion; but it is probable they may have been somewhat disturbed by certain associations connected with the article he hugged so closely in its union with the projecting beam above, otherwise the swinging motion he was obliged to undergo, from the rope having already reached its utmost length, and his legs being in consequence almost entirely raised from the ground, would assuredly have set him fast asleep. As it was, he could not properly be said to be either asleep or awake; his thinking faculties remained in that cloudy state which is the twilight of the mind, sometimes experienced in the heavy doze we endure rather than enjoy after too much sleep, or when disease or care prevents the approach of sleep at all.

Great was the consternation of the intended fugitives at seeing so unexpected a difficulty in their way. Frank's first thought was to drop a bag of coffee on the officious Frenchman; but fearing he should spill it, he abandoned the idea. His next scheme was to slide rapidly down on his shoulders and gag him; but a single cry might arouse the merchant. The hour in the meantime was stealing away, and Ruth stood weeping and wringing her hands beside him. At length his determination was taken. Holding strongly by the rope where it was fastened to the windlass, that no diminution of security might be felt below, he caused Ruth to undo the fastening and remove the end altogether from the roller, thus making the block or large pulley at the end of the projecting beam the only supporter. Then binding a thick piece of wood to the liberated end of the rope on the plan adopted by

his enemy below, he fixed himself resolutely astride on this apparently precarious seat, which would have been really dangerous to one less accustomed to such feats, and by dint of persuasion assisted in no small degree by main force, seated Ruth on his knees and began their descent. As one end of the rope descended, the other of consequence rose; but the whole was managed so quietly, and Frank continued to hold so firmly by the end to which the Frenchman was appended, allowing it softly and gradually to slide through his hands, that the Catholic was far up in the air before, in the confused state of his intellects, he became conscious that he had taken his departure from the earth. When he at length, however, perceived his actual situation, rising into the air, the Pope of Rome only knew how or wherefore, the horror of the miserable man is indescribable; and the hollow "Mine Got" which at first issued from the pit of his stomach, and then rose gradually, keeping pace with his ascent, was so loud and woful, that all ideas of the ludicrous, which such an exhibition was otherwise well calculated to inspire, must have been forgotten during its continuance. Even Frank himself was in some sort astounded by the dismal noise, and a "Lord preserve us" was devoutly mingled with the execration in the name of an opposite power, which his fear of raising the house prematurely against him elicited. There was no time to lose, however, and he made the rope spin through his fingers so rapidly that in an instant the parties met mid-way; and the eyes of the upward bound, who still held on like grim Death, were "so dull, so dead in look, so wo-begone," that Frank, alarmed as he was, could hardly forbear from laughing outright. After losing hold of the ascending rope, their descent, from the great superiority of weight on their side, was incessantly rapid; but Frank broke the shock with his feet, and in a moment they stood in safety on the ground. The first care of the adventurous youth was to fasten the end of the rope to the wooden railing, so that Monsieur might remain suspended till relieved by his friends, whom his terrible cries would no doubt speedily bring to his assistance; and which would serve also the purpose of engaging their attention till the lovers should get clear off; for it was not reasonable to suppose that Vaurieu would enter into the cause of his elevation until he had safely descended. They then left him to his fate; and well it was for them that no further delay occurred, for they were no sooner on board the boat, (which waited their arrival and immediately pushed off) than not only Jacob, but every soul in the street who was not deaf or bed-ridden,

crowded to the spot. The first emotions excited in the spectators were horror and commiseration ; for it seemed to them that some unfortunate man was really suspended in the usual fashion, and that too on a gallows as high as Haman's ; but speedily the truth appeared. And when in a few minutes a lighted candle was held from the ware-house exhibiting, with its yellow light, struggling amidst the faint moonbeams, the rueful countenance of the Frenchman peeping through the handkerchief which covered his hat and was tied under his chin, a shout arose from the crowd that might have awakened the inhabitants of a Deaf and Dumb Asylum. Vaurieu, by the assistance of the standers-by, was now on his descent ; but this, perhaps on purpose, was managed so clumsily, that the swinging of the rope transferred the sickness of his heart to his stomach, which instantaneously dropped its contents, like the "gentle dew from heaven," upon the heads of the jesters. Jacob could stand no more. He felt by far too much ashamed of the figure cut by his son-in-law elect to enjoy the laugh at his expense, and he returned into the house without saying a word, locked the door, and betook himself, in disgust and mortification, to his dormitory.

Meanwhile the fugitives were pursuing their course ; and in the morning when Jacob discovered their flight he did not see fit to determine whether they were or were not beyond pursuit. I am not called upon to describe particularly their voyage. Their progress against the rapid stream was, however, slow and difficult, and was made the more dreary and tiresome by the wild and desolate character of the scenery around. All was silence and solitude. Deep and untrodden forests skirted the banks, and interweaving their protruding tops threw a chilling gloom over the river, while the occasional openings, which at particular *bends* burst upon the eye, disclosed nothing but vast extents of prairie, over which the thunder cloud and the storm wander like pilgrims that have lost their way. These were not scenes congenial to love ; but it is a part of that vigorous passion to triumph over circumstances ; and the feeling consolations which Frank offered with so much eloquence, Ruth received with tears that relieved her agitated bosom. Besides, each moment of their journey brought them nearer to the termination of their anxieties ; and with this heart-cheering perspective Ruth reconciled herself to the privations she was compelled to endure. It was now the twelfth day from their departure. The afternoon had been a fine one, but the evening sky had become gradually overcast, and the gathering clouds, by impeding the

rays of the sun, seemed to hasten him to his setting. He sunk, and for a moment the heavens assumed a red and fiery tinge, and the air became thick, choking, and almost palpable. Suddenly the clouds rolled out and darkened the whole face of the sky; the wind came sounding through the forest like peals of thunder; the waves swelled and splashed the black rafts of drift wood that lined the shore; the boat was swept back stern foremost with the velocity of lightning, and in endeavoring to reach the bank an under float struck the bottom of the frail vessel and pierced it like a cannon shot. All was now commotion. The boatman nearest to Ruth, who sat in the stern, caught her in his arms, and springing upon the tossing and struggling timber, reached the land. Hardly had he done so when the black mass that muffled up the beautiful heavens was rent open at once. Streams of light gushed from the clouds that like pillars supported the glaring sky. The moon struck out from her black harbor into the broad, blue sea of heaven, and showed the white foam of the billows, and the boat, broken from the snag, and driving before the fury of the tempest far as the eye could reach. At this sight Ruth, who had hitherto supported her spirits and self-possession, stood as if rooted to the spot; a cold dew burst from every pore; the blood rushed back to her heart; she attempted to spring forward, but the agitation of her mind and the weak state of her body prevented; she grew fainter and fainter—her arms dropt powerless at her side, and uttering a feeble cry for Frank, she fell to the ground. The boatman, much shocked, knelt down, sprinkling water on her face and chafing her temples; when however she returned to life her intellects appeared to have fled forever, and she uttered such wild shrieks and exclamations that he became exceedingly terrified. After vainly endeavoring to soothe and recover her, he erected, with the ready ingenuity of a backwoodsman, a temporary shelter, and then heaping together the dried leaves and covering them with his long jacket, laid Ruth on the rude bed and left her to repose. But the hours she spent on her uneasy couch were dreadful. During her short slumbers visions, originating in love and fear, presented her the most distressing scenes. Now she was with Frank in her father's house revelling in bliss; anon the room was transformed into a black and dreary forest, and the company into hideous fiends; now she found herself on the placid river, and then the picture changing showed her lover, in rage and wild despair, madly struggling with its wild waters; and

when at intervals she awoke from these convulsing dreams, she was but little relieved, for her cruel fate racked her with anguish, and a prognosticating dread of further sorrow aggravated her susceptibility, and distracted her anew with terrors.

The morning broke at last, and Ruth rose oppressed at heart and sickening with apprehension. She stepped forth from the hut and into a scene of nature so fresh and beautiful, that it seemed to read to her troubled spirit a sweet lesson from the book of Heaven. The waves were now still, the wind was hushed, the sun darted from the clouds which were scattered across the firmament, in a thousand lovely and fantastic forms of brightness; the roaring of the river was changed into a gentle murmur, as it flowed in upon the shore and sank into it, as if in repose from its recent agitation. The boatman was seated at a little distance. With that frankness and generosity of feeling which occasionally gleams over the cruel and furious humors of his class, he had done all that his limited means would allow to make her comfortable, and was now fashioning a bow with which, as he said, he meant "to bring down a sprinkle of turkeys," large flocks of which were rising from either bank, and minging their dull and fearless flight across the river.

While they were yet speaking the sharp crack of a rifle was heard—a noble deer bounded by them, and a hunter bursting from the wood stood gazing after it unconscious of their presence. Habited in a close leathern dress, his proportions were admirably delineated. He appeared above six feet in height, powerfully made, with huge bones, and large, coarse lineaments. The character of his form was gauntness; it seemed as if hardship or excess had reduced the huge frame to its present lankness. In his visage you might read all that made up the character of the owner—the ferocity about the nose—the sternness in the brow, and in the glaring, quick-moving eye all the unquenchable ire and wild profligacy which in reality belonged to him. "Curse the blasted deer," he exclaimed, "another good charge of powder wasted—I might as well shoot at the bright sun with the hope of marring its shining."

"Ah, Luke Whyte," said the boatman, as the hunter in turning observed them; "ah, Luke Whyte! a round sum this meeting would be to the sheriff below."

"True, but the crow scents surely the smell of powder, and I knew the boat that was coming up last night carried no sheriff."

"Jem Macken will lay his hands on you yet, Luke, for all that—you can't expect to gouge a 'sponsible man like Ike Abbot for nothing."

"Curse Jem Macken!"

"I'm agreeable—Jem is no innocent lamb himself—but if you don't fear that man you do the hangman, ha! Luke."

"You are a bold spark, stranger, but the odds are against you're becoming an old one."

"And why so, sour-brow?"

"Because if you speak another such word I'll lay you where the prairie dogs shall play with your bones—I've done such a deed for less cause"—and half raising his rifle he turned his eyes on him dilating with fury, and sparkling with a dark and revengeful light.

"The buffaloe that takes himself for a buck will find his mistake when he comes to leap a ditch," cried the bold boatman, springing forward. But Ruth clung to his arm and besought him to forbear.

"Well, well, girl, his words are sharp enough by my conscience, and that's a black oath, but I'll make no quarrel, the rather that a man without beef or bottle for half a day has little stomach for burnt powder and rifle balls. Look ye, Luke! this is Ruth Winter, a sapling from the old trunk down at F——; she wags a good head doesn't she? My name is Mike Fink; we were snagged last night—the boat has gone down stream like a flash of lightning whipped up, and left us without whiskey or horses;—give us both—pilot us to the Bluffs and you shall be well paid—though I am not saying that 'sponsible folks should trust themselves with such a roarer as Luke Whyte."

The hunter answered not. At the name of Winter he fixed his eyes with an uncertain and bewildered glance upon Ruth, and stood muttering to himself, while his knees shook and his whole frame was disordered.

"Speak out man," exclaimed Mike, "and don't keep shifting from leg to leg like a worn out horse—wilt do it? open thy mouth in the devil's name."

"You're a bird of a bold feather, Mike," said the hunter, his resentment apparently passing away, "and I like the chirp of such chickens—follow me to my hut; it's an ugly den, girl, but I'll put something between your teeth more welcome than wild plums or prairie turnips; wait till I bring up the horse, and meantime here is something to mend your cheer." So saying he drew from his pouch some dried venison and a flask of whiskey, and throwing them down disap-

peared. During his absence Ruth gathered from Mike the history of the hunter, which I shall give with some additions not known to the honest boatman, and perhaps in a language rather better understood.

The father of Luke Whyte had been among the first settlers of F——. But after spending the best part of an honest life in rearing and providing for a numerous family, and having arrived at that period of existence when he might reasonably expect to enjoy the fruit of exertions—too old to begin another settlement, and that which he had begun so many years before smiling around him—he suddenly found that he was possessed of nothing ; that his eyes must be closed without a home, and that he must be an outcast in his gray hairs. The country had been rapidly settling, and increasing civilization was accompanied by those vices which are its never failing attendants. Knavery in every form marched with it ; interest, at any sacrifice of honor and principle, became the ruling principle. His thriving farm was envied by a new adventurer. The law was made an instrument to dispossess him of his property ; a defect in his title was found while he fondly believed it was indisputable, and he saw himself a wanderer and an outcast. Cut to the soul with a wounded spirit, he bade his family and friends adieu forever. Taking with him one son he left the haunts of civilized society—preferring the prairie and the forest, the Indian, the rattlesnake, and the wolf—and plunged into the unknown and immense territory of Missouri. He raised a rude hut, and, planting round it a few esculent vegetables, there lived and died contented in his wild solitude, and in his security from rapacity and injustice. Not so his son. He was young when he left F——, and knew but imperfectly the story of his father's wrongs, and, as the liberty and ease of his present mode of life pleased him, he had but little desire to regain his former associates. But when his father on his death-bed, unfolded the whole tale, all the wild passions of his nature were aroused, and he determined to add to it another and a darker chapter. No sooner had he laid the last sod above the body of his parent, than he threw down his mattock, and made his way to F——. Here it was his intention to conceal his name until an opportunity offered of wreaking, in bloodshed and in death, his vengeance upon the plunderer of his father. He was known, however, to many boatmen on the river, and the very night of his arrival, saw him engaged in a quarrel, the circumstances of which it is not necessary to relate, in which his opponent lost his life. And Luke, to preserve his own, was compelled to

fly. Want came, and with it came wilder and fiercer passions. He engaged in several enterprises of violence and crime ; no sense of pride or self-respect checked his career ; and he roamed abroad a savage without compunction or misgiving. A reward had been offered for his apprehension ; but the Indians to whom he was known, were ready and happy to shelter him from his pursuers. He was, besides, though fierce and ungovernable, endowed with a great portion of sagacity. In extricating himself from danger, he was not less wary, subtle and provident, than he was rash, hasty and careless, in plunging into it. His influence with the various tribes with whom he was associated was extensive ; and he asserted over them all that supremacy which, if successfully assumed, is the surest bond upon human nature. When he first entered upon his career, he was bold, fierce and passionate, but without any alloy of baseness in his composition. Long habits, however, of crime and outrage, while they further exasperated his spirit, deadened the generous spark which glowed in him at first ; deception was needful, and necessity enforced compliances, which became gradually familiar, and terminated at last in all the meanness and ferocity of a confirmed ruffian.

It may readily be supposed that Ruth was rather alarmed during this recital, and had but little desire to trust herself in the hands of Luke Whyte. Mike, however, assured her there was no help for it, and that the hunter, though he had an ugly habit of robbing and killing folks, had certainly no inducement to meddle with them, and if he did, he wouldn't live long enough to make a song about it. Somewhat cheered and composed by the kindness and spirit of the boatman, and by the belief which he expressed of the safety of the boat, Ruth suffered herself upon the re-appearance of the hunter, to be mounted on the horse, and to follow their guide through the windings of the forest. A mile and a half brought them out upon a prairie rich in verdure and prodigal of flowers. The sun, cloudless and clear, had risen fully over the eastern woods, and, manifesting his glory in the heavens above and the landscape around, seemed to press with his fond embrace and hallow with fresh beauty, river and plain, and tree and plant. A fine haze was cast over the distant woods and bosky slopes, and every lofty and majestic tree was filled with a soft and shadowy twilight ; while the willow oaks, stirred by the gentle breeze, stood out like masses of quivering silver, their light forms contrasting finely with the still and sombre aspect of the other trees. In the centre of this charming valley ran a strong and beautiful stream, and, after tasting its waters,

and bathing their brows in its bright, transparent current, they followed its sinuous course till it freed itself from the level plain. As they approached the limits of the table land, they heard the chafing and clamor of the waters, and observed the tops of the lowland groves peering over the edge of the prairie. The stream, which had hitherto flowed broad and slow, began now to contract its waters, like that beautiful bird, the heron, before it pounces down upon its prey in the lake. The banks became shagged and abrupt, and the waters, limiting themselves to a channel such as an active man might leap over, rushed smoothly on, with silent and amazing rapidity. At length they reached the head of the glen, and the whole unrivalled scene was spread out in glory before them, glancing in the light of the risen sun. The stream dived into the earth where they stood, and leaped down a tremendous precipice of sand stone to the depth of eighty feet. Its descent into this den was screened and hid by a profusion of dwarf trees, chiefly plum and hazel, which shot out on all sides from the perpendicular cheeks of the rocks, and made their way to the level above. Below, the scene assumed a softer and more alluring character; the agitation of the stream subsided, the glen opened wide, and sloped back into green and wooded declivities. The termination of the moor land was so abrupt, that you might seek in vain for a pathway to the beautiful vale below; but the hunter, untwining and pulling away the bushes, showed a narrow flight of artificial steps, descending which, and winding round the base of a rock, they found themselves on a green and sunny promontory, half way between the valley and the plain. The river had here accomplished its first fearful leap, and was preparing for another of less depth, but of equal beauty. The earth bore evident marks of recent cultivation. A few flowers and herbs remained clinging to the spot in withered beauty, and two or three trees, long past their prime, had submitted to the blast, and bowed down to the ground, leaning over the rapid current till their branches glistened with moisture. The mound might be a stone's cast in breadth, and twice as much in length, and at its edge, surrounded by a natural enclosure of wild plum bushes, on which the ripe fruit hung in black and thick powdery clusters, stood a rude and time-worn cottage. Into this cottage, the door of which, from the rudeness of its architecture and lowness of its lintel, resembled a cavern more than the entrance to a human abode, Ruth and her companion followed the hunter, and found themselves in a kind of chamber filled with that bitter smoke which arises from the burning of green tobacco. Living thing

they could not discern, till on advancing they saw, like a dim hearth fire struggling for existence amidst the very cloud it had produced, the form of an Indian seated on one side, and a similar form on the other.

"I'd rather stay here a week than a fortnight," cried Mike, wiping the tears which the smoke brought abundantly from his eyes; but Luke pulling a pair of "fall boards" belonging to a window, the cause of offence escaped in volumes through the aperture, and gave Ruth a full view of the apartment. The walls were shining with soot; the roof-tree and rafters were bare, and two large pieces of timber that supported the whole trusted not to the walls, which were of stone, but descending to the floor grooved their bases in the ground. The room was hung round with nets, beaver traps, and other implements of hunting, with here and there a dusty cap and jacket. All that the room contained besides was a few square blocks of wood placed as seats, two of them occupied by the Indians, who hardly noticed their entrance. They belonged to the tribe of "Snakes"—roaming Indians, having no fixed abode and raising no corn. Their "grounds" are on the waters of the Yellow Stone, Columbia and Missouri, in and near the Rocky Mountains, oftener on the other side of the mountain, and bordering north on the country claimed by the Black Feet; east and south by the Crows, Chayennes, &c.; southwest and west by the Arapahoes and the Indians of the Oregon or Columbia River. It was after a long and protracted war that this tribe had sent the calumet to the Arapahoes; and although the war had occasionally been carried on fiercely, yet the sign of peace no sooner made its appearance in the hands of the Snakes, than it was met and received as usual. The customary ceremonies and feasts were performed and given on the occasion. The usual professions of friendly feeling, the usual presents and individual flatteries had passed between them; and when the head of the Snake deputation announced his intention to return home, a chosen band of Arapahoes accompanied him. They hunted three days—had separated the day before—the Arapahoes turning homewards, and the Snakes leaving the direct rout to their lodges for the hut of Luke, with whom they were all acquainted, and to whom they wished to convey information of the truce. The party, excepting the two before us, were on the high grounds above the cottage. Of these two the youngest seemed to be about eighteen years of age. His face was not painted, neither was his head bare to the scalp-
ing lock, but on the contrary his long black hair descended

in wild profusion over his back and shoulders. He was the son of the principal chief, had been kept at home during the war, and then attached to the deputation, more probably to enable him to see the country, and to show the sincerity of his father, than for any assistance he would be likely to afford in a diplomatic capacity.

Luke welcomed the young chief with apparent cordiality, and motioning Ruth to be seated, left the apartment followed by the elder Indian. Presently the sounds of rude and boisterous merriment arose from without, and Mike, observing that they were now "between the devil and the deep sea," left the room, and without much greeting seated himself among the Indians, whom he found feasting without, and assailed the venison and whiskey with an avidity that betokened the sharpening influence of his morning's walk. Sometime had thus passed, during which the heart of Ruth was racked with apprehension, when Luke, the light of intoxication glimmering in his eye, re-entered the chamber. The poor girl's heart died within her at once, and she suffered a faint scream to escape her.

"What, still weeping and repining for thy lover!" said he bitterly, "perhaps he is not drowned; and what if he be—and that is the worst you know—you'll stand a rare chance to better yourself. I've had some thoughts about you myself. You're passable enough, and have got a soft cheek I'll warrant." He was about to throw his brawny arm around her neck; but Ruth started from her seat, and staggering toward the young Indian, who had hitherto sat immovable, grasped him by the arm. The suddenness of the appeal threw his feelings from their centre of calm and stern collectedness. He looked upon Ruth, whose eyes were turned upon him despairingly, and a change seemed to come over him at once. Tall, athletic and symmetrical in person, his eye lighted up, and his lip curled as he confronted the hunter. He felt that accident was about to give him a notice and influence which true prowess should for the future confirm and strengthen. Inflamed by the thought, his countenance, where neither fear nor shame had ever impressed a line, flashed a new and fearful expression. His war-club, never yet notched for the death of a foe, was raised to the full extent of his arm, and fancying himself already in the battle field, he sounded the war cry of his tribe. In an instant twenty dark forms, followed by Mike, leaped into the cottage.

"My father is wise," said the young chief, "he will not harm the cunning flower of the pale face. Her step is like

that of a fawn going to the water; her voice like the voice of a dreaming bird; the trees bend down their branches, and silence their leaves that they may listen to and learn its strains. She shall follow me to the lands of my tribe; we will have one mat by day, one bear skin by night; my father will not provoke his young man."

No sooner had the last words died away upon his lips, than his followers started forward, and brandishing their tomahawks, vociferated their approbation of his sentiments. The fierce spirit of the hunter, however, could ill brook the idea of retiring before those whom he had been accustomed to command, and again he would have seized her; but Mike rushed to her side—"Stand back, yellow skins! stand back! I've brought her up the river, and by the Lord Harry I'll send him half way to it, unless he is warranted against kicking. You see I have rowed down an acre of such fellows as you, Luke, and never stopt my boat to pick up a specimen—so come on!"

The hot blood of Luke Whyte crimsoned his face at this defiance, and rushing upon the boatman he seized him round the waist, and exerting his whole force, suddenly and effectually hurled him to the ground, where he lay stunned and motionless.

"And now," cried his antagonist, turning upon the young chief, "may the hawks and wolves feed upon me, if I am not even with you, Indian, for this; and as for thee, thou bird of an ugly nest, do you think I don't know the daughter of Jacob Winter—a black Winter he was to my father and to me. I'll be revenged if there's faith in flint and powder, else let my name be no longer Luke Whyte! God! I've not forgotten it;" and rushing from the cottage he disappeared—the rapid crashing of the boughs betokening the anxiety of one too hurried to select his steps.

It is a fact well known to those who have dwelt with or travelled among the various tribes of Indians on the upper Missouri, that they are almost always at war with one another. I have never known, and I do not believe there ever was an instance known, of a single tribe of these Indians having been at the same time at peace with all those around it. Such an instance could hardly exist with their present habits and feelings. The calumet and wampum are frequently sent, it is true, but the amicable feeling, or rather the apparent effects of such a feeling, exist no longer than the immediate cause which generated it. Custom has for a long time sanctioned an Indian's idea of the temporary policy and the length of

time that treaties should be binding on the parties concerned. A war song, and the sudden enthusiasm created by the rehearsal of successful and brilliant exploits, could at any time destroy the faith of the most sacred treaty. They seem to be aware of this, and hence, by common consent, have, tacitly to be sure, agreed that no treaty should be binding for a longer time than those who made it remain in sight of each other. The curling smoke of the calumet above them no sooner becomes invisible, the taste of the feast no sooner leaves the palate, the wampum beads no sooner pass to the possession of the women, and the echoes of the shouts, and the drum of the dance no sooner die away in the distant valley, than all remembrance of faith and fidelity dies also. There was more sincerity apparently in the treaty which had just been made between the Snakes and Arapahoes than in most others, as both sides had lost many of their bravest warriors, and large quantities of their simple wealth, and as both were probably desirous of ending, for a time at least, a strife which had resulted in much loss to both, and no gain to either. The young chief, however, well knew that Luke would soon overtake the hunting party from whom they had just separated, and that when he joined them the chance that the truce would continue was extremely doubtful. He determined, therefore, to leave the cottage on the following day.

The morning broke, and on the rock which overhung the rapid stream, sat the young chief singing a low, monotonous, and melancholy song ; his feelings to all appearance entirely abstracted from the scene around him. There he had been the whole night, sitting in the same posture, without having broken his fast or quenched his thirst. At last, satisfied with this preparatory penance, and feeling that the Great Spirit had heard and was determined to befriend him, he arose and made ready to proceed. Ruth was placed safely on a spare horse, but neither her tears nor signs, nor the impotent threats of the boatman could prevail upon the Snakes to direct their course to the Bluffs. She had awakened a feeling of love and admiration in the bosom of the Indian, and he led the way to the lodges of his father, knowing that the successful possession of her would give him a more conspicuous place at the dance, and a higher seat at the council fire. The party continued their course for three days with all the celerity and cunning mystery which characterizes these bold and fearless men when circumstances make it necessary to avoid observation. They lighted no fire—ascended occasionally the highest hills near them, and placing the skin of a wolf's head

on their own, examined the country embraced in their sphere of vision. They matched the skirts of the timber, carefully explored the ravines and undulations of the ground, noticed the appearance of the buffaloe, whether they fed calmly, or whether they appeared restless, and if moving, they noticed the direction. All these, and many other precautions were resorted to, so as rather to take, than be taken, by surprise.

They had travelled three suns as the Indians measured the time, and had made an accustomed stop at one of the small eminences, crowned with wood, which are sometimes found in the prairies. The evening was soft and mild as a clear sky and breezeless atmosphere could make it. Not a cloud showed its silver lining to the night : but a haze arising from the earth grayly and thinly veiled all the lower part of the prospect, upon which the round still moon slept in chilly radiance. The dark shade of the trees above contrasted well with the wan light that came streaming in amid their trunks, branchless nearly to the tops. Already attenuated by anguish, and want of proper nourishment and repose, Ruth leaned against a tree. Sorrow had reduced her to a shadow, but had not been able to annihilate her charms ; or rather for her luxuriant loveliness, it had substituted a beauty more pure—more holy. Her thin lily hands were crossed over her breast—her long fair hair, parted on her ivory brow, fell forward over her shoulders and bosom—her countenance was pale with melancholy, and washed with dropping tears, and as the moon shone brightly upon it, the expression of the up-raised eye was fearful and womanly. On one side of her stood the boatman, and on the other, the young Indian was proffering to her water from the rapid stream that was flashing in the distance. Suddenly a shout arose like the yell of a thousand panthers, and a band of Arapahoes, headed by Luke Whyte, burst upon the view. “Come on, come on,” cried the young chief, “it is not the gray badger, or the skulking wolf, but the White Bear, that ye hunt.” They did come, but the little band were soon armed and mounted, and the conflict commenced. Despising their usual manœuvres, they rushed on each other as if the first shock was to be the destruction of one or both. As they approached, they discharged and threw aside their rifles. Two from each side found a bloody bed on the green-sward beneath them. Unheeded, they rolled and died, for it was not the dead, but the living that those glaring eyeballs sought. In an instant, the parties were spear to lance, war-club to knife—the feathered arrow was forgotten—man to man, and shout to shout, they fought and fell with doubtful success, till their

parched tongues barely gave utterance to their savage ferocity.

Of those that remained, all but two seemed weary, all but two became more cautious as the fight was lengthened—more anxious to parry than to inflict. These two shouting, and apparently increasing in vigor, strength and ferocity, rushed like madmen—now forward—now backward—dealing destruction in every direction. Foes, yet they seemed not sensible of each other's presence ; nor was it until but two Arapahoes remained in the strife, that the eyes of the White Bear, as he had named himself, met those of the hunter. Fires of hatred flashed from the gaze. Luke was strong and confident in his strength. He saw the chief before him whom, heretofore, he had noticed only as a boy. He saw him now a warrior flushed, heated, on fire, with the conflict—drops of blood were on his brow—and the glance which quailed not before his, but darted back its deadly defiance, told him the boy was no longer there. His arm seemed suddenly to have acquired the muscle of manhood ; his brow, the cast and determination of experience ; the pout of his boyish lip was now the curl of scorn and hatred ;—and Luke saw at once the danger of attempting to crush him by mere physical strength. The White Bear, on the contrary, saw in the hunter a warrior whose fame had been sung on an hundred hills, whose glory had risen from the shout of the young to the passing breeze, and been wafted far beyond the sound of his own battle song. But one instant he thought of his father's pride at the maiden deeds of his son, and the next rushed upon his foe. At the first shock, their spears were broken, and they attempted to seize each other as their horses passed. The White Bear, most active of the two, leaped from his to that of the hunter. And, as he alighted suddenly behind him, he raised a yell of triumph, which he meant should be the knell of his foe. But Luke, almost at the same instant, was dragging him to the ground, when he had leaped as he saw the true intent of the other. On the ground the strife was renewed, the young limbs of the White Bear, however, soon gave way before the matured strength of his foe, and they both rolled on the ground. Twined and twining, they clung so closely and firmly to each other, that neither could gain possession of his knife. It was the last grasp of mortal foes ;—their teeth were set, their muscles stretched to their utmost tension, and their eyeballs almost bursting from their sockets.

At length, the hunter, thinking, possibly, to obtain his knife, relaxed his hold for an instant only, and the next he saw the

war club of the White Bear descending on his head. It fell and buried itself in the turf—a side leap, as it was about touching its point of destination, saved the skull it was raised to crush, and before its owner could recover his position, the hunter was on his back. Borne to the earth, the White Bear now thought his fate certain. He heard the knife scraping against and along the dry leather as it was drawn from the scabbard—he heard the incipient opening of that triumphant yell which has so often driven the color from the blood-red cheek—he gathered his strength for a last and bursting effort—when suddenly he felt the body of his foe springing with the wildcat's leap from his shoulders, and as he raised himself he saw that body prostrate, and writhing in all the agonies of death. He gazed with astonishment upon the workings of the ferocious soul visible in the tiger-like struggle of the strong limbs which no wrestler could twist, and in the distorted muscles of a face fierce even in its dying moments. He watched the eye as it gradually lost its fire in its fixed malignity, and in the glassy appearance it was fast assuming. He saw the mouth gradually open, and the lips assume the ashy hue of departed life. He saw his enemy lying in his blood before him, and it was now his turn to yell: but no sound of triumph rose, for he thought that the Great Spirit had sent the knife to the heart of the hunter, and he dared not even take the usual trophy—his scalp. So engrossing was this idea of miraculous aid, that Ruth—the bloody knife at her feet, and her frame shaking as if the spirit were about to part from it—stood unnoticed. She fell beside him, and the truth flashed upon his brain. He saw his preserver. All selfish considerations vanished at once. His determination was formed, for though his love had become stronger than ever, yet his passions were too thoroughly disciplined to be ever able to escape beyond his volition. Calling his band around him, he selected two, and commanded them to guide Ruth and the boatman to the Bluffs.

“Farewell, farewell,” said he in a voice which strong feeling broke and thickened, “and the blessing of the Great Spirit be upon you forever.” He raised his hands in an attitude of benediction as he spoke, and casting one last glance upon that form which had become dearer to him than any which earth bore, he broke away and was speedily lost in the fleecy vapors of the night.

Ruth and her companions reached the garrison at Council Bluff without interruption; but her lover was not there to

receive her, and a boat being kindly and readily prepared, she embarked without hesitation for her native village.

The passage was, like all others,—

“Alternate sun, alternate showers;”

and descriptions by much more skilful hands would equally apply to it; one thing however happened which is too important to be omitted. As they touched the shore one evening near a well known spring, the boatman discovered something the retiring tide had left close by the landing place. It was a sail severed from the mast of a boat like their own. Ruth instinctively hastened forward and perceived a dead body attached to it;—the feet were all that was visible,—the sail covering the head and body. She knelt down beside it, and with her right hand gradually uncovered the neck; it was bare, and the unbuttoned shirt collar lay carelessly open; one arm was stretched out, and the other formed a pillow for the head which heeded it not. Could it be Frank!—she looked wildly around—her heart sickened—and turning away she gazed intently on the invidious waves. Meanwhile the officious boatman drew the sail wholly aside;—shivering with acutest agony she again turned her head, and was outstretching her hand to complete the dreadful task, when it touched the marble cheek, and her eye at the same time rested on the fine but faded features of Frank Butler. She shed no tears, but gazed upon him, almost as if unconscious upon what she looked,—her eyes were fixed in despair! They were about to remove her gently from the place, when she sprang from them; and throwing herself upon her knees by its side, impressed a long kiss upon the clay cold lips of the corpse. With the remains of her lover, the innocent sufferer was removed to the boat, and lived to reach her father's house. But alas! no one would have recognized the girl of radiant beauty, who, but a few months before, had appeared to the dwellers of F—— like a spirit of gladness as well as of health. Her mind had become a ruin and a wreck. She laughed, she wept, she talked incoherently,—but oftentimes kindly and affectionately; like an instrument out of tune, there was something sweet in her ravings. Each future ill of life fell on her breast like dew on the unconscious rock, leaving no trace behind:—there were ideas, but they were disunited and broken; there was imagination, but it was lawless and unreined; there were thoughts but they were wild and wandering—night and day became the same to her; and all objects, all sights, all sounds, were alike unheeded, or only noticed with a heartless

smile. At length the inward principle of life was corroded. The light left the fair eye, and the beautiful form was bowed down. She wasted a month in a day, a year in a month, and in the sweet spring-time shrank and withered and died!

Like a young vine, whose tendrils lone
Embrace a monumental stone:
Fixed in a fatal soil, it pines,
E'en while the season sweetest shines;
In vain the wind, the sun, the dew,
Its weeping beauty would renew;
Faithful to death, its leaf defies
The light of suns, and balm of skies;
The lively colors are defaced;
The boughs run verdantly to waste;
Every day more faint and frail
It wears in the caressing gale,
Hour by hour the wan leaves strewing,
Hour by hour it hastes to ruin;
And soon its little life is spent
Upon the Lover's monument!

Eighteen months since when I saw the White Bear, his young dreams of greatness were fully realized, and but few of the members of a civilized state could boast much over him either in the employments in which he spent his time, the moral innocence of his life, or the elevation of his pursuits.

In the Western Museum is the skull of Mike Fink. For the manner of his death see the Western Annual. A number of anecdotes in relation to him are in the possession of the writer, and will form the subject of a future "paper."

Monsieur Vaurieu quitted F—— the morning after his misadventure, telling Jacob he was merely going to St. Charles, and promising to return;—a promise which he faithfully remembered—to forget.

Upon the death of his child, Jacob Winter was converted to Methodism; but being still more devoted to Mammon than to God, and thinking, as "godliness was great gain," great gain was godliness, he undertook a voyage in quest of it. The Prince of the Air, who thought it high time to appropriate his destined prey, raised a storm, and plunged the Methodist into the river, and, as he did not carry his money with him to the next world, nobody regretted his loss; and thus,

"Pale Winter comes at last and shuts the scene."

A. A. L.

EPITHALAMIUM.

SOFT as the drooping lashes
 Of the dark eye beneath that snowy veil—
 Pure as the brow that is, to-night, so pale—
 And bright as are the flashes
 Of thine own spirit, be thy life, sweet bride,
 With the true heart that beateth at thy side!

If the rare gem was treasured
 But in the fairest casket—if the wine
 Ran richest in the delicatest vine—
 If peace and joy were measured
 By the proud beauty mantling on the brow—
 My fervent prayer would be prophetic now!

If matchless truth could make thee
 Heavenly blest—if fervent thoughts could wind
 To constant sweetness the immortal mind—
 If a rich tone could wake thee,
 Morn after morn, to all it asks in prayer—
 Thy home were heaven—for all these spells are there!

I feel mine eyes grow dim
 Gazing upon ye both! For thee, sweet bride,
 Blessings on that fair head, whate'er betide!
 It is enough for *him*—
 He asks no more—but to his heart to press thee—
 And so, indeed, bride of to-night! God bless thee!

MASTER BURKE.

THE long agony is over. After more than a month's revolution in these skies, visible five nights in the week, the latest star of the drama has set—(to us) like Lucifer. Tremont Street is quiet almost as in the primitive era,

When corn, not dandies, glittered there in rows,
 And bruin walked the mall, instead of belles and beaux.

The tide of the multitude has gone down. The theatre is left high and dry, like the skeleton of the mighty horse in the camp of the Dorians. The ruins of Ilium are scarcely more solitary. We will not say in the spirit of Volney, that owls may be seen looking from the windows:—but there, where the Greeks and Trojans fought valiantly for pit tickets—there,

where their shouts ascended at noontide—there, upon a soil made classic by the blood of darkies and the wreck of coats—the *vastum silentium* of Tacitus appals the passer-by. No shout of auctioneer is heard at ten: no clamor of uproarious Irishmen, and not to be outlunged handcartmen at twelve: no skirts of once nether and now upper garments are seen hanging *à la lanterne*: no friendly reciprocations, not of hand for hand only, but of tooth for tooth. In a word, Master Burke has left the city, and the theatre is closed.

The young Roscius played among us invariably to brilliant and crowded houses, and very generally to the great satisfaction of the natives. All the world was amused and amazed equally by his intellect and his humor; his O'Toole and his Hamlet—his singing, drumming, dancing, fencing and fiddling. A man that walked Washington street, *auris erectis*, and with half an eye open, should hear and see his praises at one time from all lips and from all eyes. He was the Miss's heart's-ease, the Bachelor's-button, the Ladies-delight. The boys shouted Judy Whack Flanagan. The Belles talked *con amore* of his divine forehead, and his voice of voices. The school-girls scanned him in Virgil; and confounded in the once seen and never forgotten march of Intellect, the speeches of Latinus and the woes of Dido. The butcher, at his stall, whetted his knife *à la Shylock*. Nay, as you turned up School Street, there were the barbers (his fame had reached the very poles) stifling 'master Burke' as he issued from the lips of the lathered patient. Thus was he the theme of all tongues, the fortune of men of brawn at the box-office, the ruin of lectures and balls—an incomparably greater wonder, in one word, than Daniel Lambert, the Eclipse, or the triple-tailed donkey.

The excitement occasioned by Burke's acting was not without reason. There are certainly several extraordinary things about him, besides his success. He is far enough from

—that mere machine

Who utter words, not feeling what they mean:

Drilled by some fogleman—right—left—prepare—

Heads up—attention—dress—now as ye were.

There can be no doubt, that his acting, especially in farce, is the result of his own instinct. An automaton might as well play chess, as play Pangloss, or the Music-master, or Richard, in the spirited and graceful style of Burke. We are aware how a smart child may be taught to stamp and strut. We know too, that it requires no great precocity of genius to

soliloquize and recite dialogue very prettily : and that stage dress and stage manners, and light, distance, music, a good company, a good play, and a crowded and excited theatre may set off anything to advantage. In addition to all this circumstantial evidence, it is nearly conclusive against poor Burke, that nature has given him a most beautiful forehead and face, a figure of perfect elegance, and a voice of such natural clearness and sweetness as the bird that singeth at heaven's own gates might envy. Then, it may be said against him, that he cannot roar for 'a horse' with the lungs of Sten-tor, nor box like the Irish giant, nor yet walk a slack rope, or swallow gimblets. Nay, we grant you, his readings of the difficult passages in Hamlet were not faultless ; and that his attitudes are not all Kemble's, nor his accent Macready's ; that Macklin made a better Jew, and Cooke a better Richard, and Barry—a better Romeo, we were about to say—but we think it doubtful, on the whole. The latter character is Burke's *forte* in tragedy, at all events ;* and it seems to us the only character of the kind which he is able to express half as well as he feels. The reason is obvious. The passion is not jealousy, nor ambition, nor revenge—but love—the love which may be as delicate and devoted in childhood as in age, and a thousand times more fervent. It may be expressed, too, as well as felt ; and better by a young countenance and a young voice, the one of which cannot be rude, nor the other out of tune, than by such as are more needed in the Jew and the Moor. Nothing of Burke's but the wooing-interview with Lady Anne, in Richard, can be compared with the balcony-scene. There can be no mistake about feeling and delicacy like this, any more than there can be as to the original exuberant humor of O'Toole. These things appeal, like fine music, to a test in the human soul, that cannot be deceived. People may say to each other at a concert, "good heavens ! how we are delighted—are we not?" but no such criticisms are passed upon nature's melodies.

As for Hamlet, Burke should not attempt it. In the nature of things, it could be little more in his hands than a petty recitation, with a general air in the actor of knowing what he was driving at. Shylock is easier understood ; but this is not Burke's difficulty. It is rather the want of physical power to exhibit what he does understand, (which of course has nothing to do with his genius.) Generally in these performances,

* This opinion was formed from the first representation—the latter were less spirited.

he can only add, to his beautiful delivery, and the grace and ease of his bearing, just expression enough to show that he perceives the impracticability of what he attempts. It cannot be otherwise. However it may be with the intellect, there is no precocity in the developement of the lineaments and features which must be relied on to express passions. No child can distinguish to an audience the nice gradations of awe and terror, of jealousy and remorse; and yet to do this, is the beauty and the object of tragedy. It must be allowed, however, that Burke succeeds almost incredibly in Richard. It is owing partly to the predominance of the energy and stir of the character over its feeling (or want of feeling.) There is an opportunity, therefore, of expressing a great deal without the aid of the countenance; and whenever this occurs, Burke always makes the most of it. It is well worth observing how ingeniously and how habitually he relies on his mere action. His soliloquies in comedy are admirable instances. The beautiful representation of Napoleon is another. Whenever cases of this kind occur in tragedy, they invariably show him to advantage. Such is Romeo's murder of Tybalt. He has given the fatal blow, and the cousin of Juliet lies gasping at his feet. He stands fixed in the swordsman's best attitude. He recovers slowly from the passion that engrossed him. His revenge dies within him, and the provocation is forgotten. He remembers but the best qualities of the poor enemy at his feet, and contrasts them with his own haste and haughtiness. He is horror-struck, grieved, ashamed—his cheek flushes—and his eye melts at length with the revived tenderness of a subdued and gentle nature. These pantomimic interspersions are to Burke the oases of tragedy: and it is pleasant to see how he welcomes them, and with what an air of delight he walks off amid the applause which they always bring him. "You see, gentlemen and ladies,"—he seems to say—"I am aware what these people have put me up to. If I cannot always do as well, it is no fault of mine. Let them wait a few years, and allow me to play leap-frog, and eat oysters, meanwhile."

As for Burke's comedy, we have only to say, that he gets through with it generally with the same spirit which is only occasional in his tragedy. Farce, after all, is his element. It puts and keeps him in good spirits, and allows him every method of displaying them. He plays with the more freedom from the certainty of success, and with the more life from the ready pay which he gets from his audience. No one enjoys a good laugh more than master Burke—the next thing with him to a good coast.

In commencing this article we intended, for the purpose of illustrating Burke's talent, to compare him with Betty, the only actor of the present day whose career is at all similar. The limits we have left ourselves, however, will allow of little more than a meagre sketch of the latter. He was born at Shrewsbury, England, Sept. 13, 1791; but was educated chiefly in Ireland, his father being interested in a linen manufactory at Ballynahinch. The first play which he saw acted was at Belfast, in the 12th year of his age—the chief circumstance in which Burke seems to have had the advantage of him. (The latter is only 12 at this time.) But previous to the season alluded to, Betty had been thoroughly enough drilled in sundry recitations, by and with most of the members of a family who had all a taste for matters of this kind. In this state of things, it is not to be wondered at that Mrs. Siddons in *Elvira* should 'do up' the young man completely: accordingly, he came back to Ballynahinch as mad as a March-hare; and within a week was setting clap-traps for the whole family. Betty was finally voted to be a great man in embryo; and thenceforth no pains were spared to make him so in reality. He began with playing four nights at Belfast, in August, 1803. The drums beat an hour later, and the door was opened an hour sooner than usual. The theatre was crowded. Having played here with great applause, he was engaged for nine nights at Dublin, and then for as many more at Cork. Betty brought the Cork manager such houses as to make a rich man of him, though, previous to this, the receipts had hardly paid for his oil. Four nights at Waterford finished his first season. The campaign of 1804 began with six nights at Londonderry. He then played 14 nights at Glasgow, the good people greeting him there "with the greatest bursts of applause (says the Glasgow manager) ever witnessed by any audience." It was much the same at Edinburgh. His first English engagement was at Birmingham, with Mr. Macready. The applause was tumultuous, and the whole town was soon in commotion. The inns and the stages thronged with people from all quarters, whose only errand was to see the "Infant Roscius." He earned about \$3,000 at this place alone, the receipts being sometimes greater than the house was supposed capable of holding. His next stage was Sheffield. The Buxton manager offered him 50 pounds for a single night, though his theatre held only 35 guineas: but this was small game for Betty. Sheffield was by this time full of carriages labelled "Theatrical Coach, to carry six inside to see the young Roscius;" and London families had taken lodg-

ings in town for the whole time he played. Putting £1500 more in his pocket, he went on to Liverpool. This was the largest theatre in the kingdom : and the rush was such there for seats, that when the box office was opened in the morning, gentlemen had their clothes torn to tatters, and their hats and shoes carried away in the crowd. Having played at Chester, Manchester, and Leicester, twice a day, sometimes, he at last made his appearance in the metropolis. Here, he was to have 50 guineas a night, and a free benefit, from each theatre. His fame had gone before him, and all London was mad to see him. For an hour before the doors were opened, Bow street was completely blocked up with carriages and crowds on foot. They rushed in, the moment ingress was allowed, with such impetus as to fill the immense house at Covent Garden in ten minutes, from the floor to the ceiling. Life and limb were endangered among them ; the shrieks, confusion, and clamor exceeded all description ; a strong corps of constables were borne down and trodden under foot, and one of the stoutest of them able to extricate himself from the press only by feigning a swoon. At this time, more than 500 persons were pounding the doors and shouting for admittance. Within, the doors at the back of the lower boxes were torn from the hinges ; and rows of fair spectators, three deep, perched upon forms and fruit-baskets, took their stations behind them. The Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York, and we believe the King and Queen, attended the theatre during the engagement. Betty was taken sick late in December (1804.) Some people attributed this to over-exertion, and officiously proposed to save him from his father, who attended him, and was supposed to press his playing too much, by putting him under the immediate protection of Chancery.

Mr. Betty pasted up bulletins of his son's health, several mornings, at his residence in South Hampton Row. They were in this style :—"The physicians are of opinion that Master Betty is not worse to-day than he was yesterday." This was done to satisfy the public interest in the child ; but having never been done before, except in the case of the Royal Family, it excited some ridicule. It was one of the circumstances, perhaps, as the sickness itself was another, which gave the first check to the mania. It was not a little assisted, moreover, in the course of the next and the following seasons, by the appearance of some half-score or more of precocious geniuses of all sorts, sizes and names, who started up, naturally enough, in every quarter of the kingdom. One was the seven-years old Roscius, and another the Infant Colum-

bine ; and then came the Ormskirk Roscius, Comic Roscius, Young Orpheus, Infant Yestris, Infant Hercules, and Infant Candle-snuffer !

Betty was now 13 years old. His exact height, says a scrupulously minute biographer, was four feet ten inches and a half ; and his weight 87 pounds. His complexion was fair, with expressive blue eyes ; his walk firm and dignified ; his gesture rather graceful, but not abundant. His voice was not musical, though said to have been remarkably so a year or two before. His figure was slight and elegant. His study hours were invariably before breakfast ; and after this he seems to have been fond of amusing himself with boys of his own age. His theatrical earnings are estimated at £12,000. One of his London benefits alone brought him more than £1000.

On the whole, we are disposed, with regard to Betty, to adopt the opinion of a cotemporary writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. He appears to have been a clever boy, exceedingly well drilled from first to last, seasonably brought out, and judiciously put up and kept up to his business. The extraordinary sensation he produced is easily explained without going farther than this. The mere novelty of a child's playing tragedy—and it was entirely novel at the time of his debut—would draw houses, precisely as a five-legged rhinoceros would. The English, especially of the large towns, have been noted for being humbugged in this way. They will fill a house to this day, we dare say, as in Goldsmith's time, to see a man swallow his own nose, (and their descendants, the world over, have a trace of the same quality.) We do not say they were hoaxed in the case before us, but only that they were liable to be, and were equally liable, of consequence, to set Betty considerably above the mark. It is no dishonor to the people who 'showed him,' we suppose, that they omitted none of the forms of humbugging in all such cases made and provided. At Belfast, for instance, the manager announced him a month beforehand, in letters nearly as long as himself, besides reducing his age by a twelve-month ; and the drums were beat, as we have seen. After all this, people were astonished, of course. The fame of the prodigy once raised, was not easily to be brought down again ; and as he moved rapidly from place to place, he availed himself in each case of the sensation of novelty, and avoided, in all, the search of criticism in cold blood.

A single anecdote may suffice to show that the enthusiasm of the populace had its effect even upon strong minds. In

Edinburgh Betty was announced to play Norval, among other things. Hume, the author of the tragedy, was resident in the city at the time. The manager met him in the morning and told him his play was to be performed that night. He had not heard of it, and asked him *how* it was to be performed. An explanation took place, and Hume promised to be in the house by the rising of the curtain. He came accordingly, and the manager seated him at the side of the first wing, in the very spot he had occupied 43 years before, at the same play. The performance from first to last delighted him. He could scarcely contain himself to the close; then, as the curtain fell, amid the reiterated and boisterous applause of a crowded house, the old gentleman stepped forward to the front of the stage, bowed repeatedly to the audience, and retired, the house greeting him with loud cheers. A moment after, the manager asked him how he had been entertained. "Never better," said he. "Sir, this is the first time I ever saw Douglas played as I wrote it. He is a wonderful being. His endowments are great beyond conception. He must soon be one of the first actors on the British stage."

Nor do we doubt, on the other hand, that Betty had real merit enough to deserve some encouragement. Not only had he undertaken a new thing, which secured him beforehand the wonder and sympathy of the populace, but his personal appearance also was uncommonly prepossessing. His countenance was interesting, his figure and dress elegant, and his manners very handsome for a child. Perhaps not one boy in ten thousand could have recited so well as he did, had the same pains been taken with him—and these were quite considerable. He was drilled from his childhood up; and for a year or two one or more tutors had been devoted to him. His father had the reputation of the best fencer in the kingdom, and his mother, of one of the best dancers. She trained him of course in the exercise of his limbs; and the whole family, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, being fond of the drama, they had beat it into him from the moment he was able to speak. In addition to all this, no doubt, as we said above, he was a clever lad, and understood very well the general drift of his business.

That he was nothing more than this, and consequently, in our opinion, considerably short of his modern rival, is confirmed by his subsequent history. He made money enough to live upon, it is true, until the present time; and moreover a rich relation is said to have offered him his inheritance if he would leave the stage. But it is scarcely to be believed that a boy

of real genius for the stage, which would bear criticism, with his ambition once kindled, should content himself, as Betty has, with being discredited, or at least forgotten. Indeed, we have good authority for saying that he made his appearance in London only some ten or fifteen years since, as an actor, and received no notice. There is better evidence in the limited routine to which he confined himself, evidence at least that Burke has very much the advantage of him in versatility of talent. Betty never moved out of tragedy. His chief parts were Norval, Hamlet, Rolla, Tancred, Octavian, Romeo, Selim and Richard, of which the first was his best part, and the last his worst. There seem to have been no traces about him of either comic or musical genius.

Even cotemporary opinion corroborates what we have said. Betty's most devoted biographer cannot avoid noticing that the young gentleman was lampooned wherever he went. People seem to have been driven into it by the excessive and ridiculous excitement of the populace. They were too critical with him at Dublin, it seems. Again at Sheffield, a man was drummed out of town for a pasquinade. It was the same in Edinburgh. And in London the press finally overpowered the young Roscius. Cumberland speaks of him with an elaborate and marked contempt, which he certainly did not deserve. Cooke, who played with him, does not even mention him in his journal.

A single anecdote shall conclude a sketch we have already made too long. A few days before Betty's first appearance in London, Frederick Reynolds was sitting in the first circle at the theatre, during the second act, when a gentleman and a 'very pretty boy' entered the box, and seated themselves on either side of him. The gentleman made numerous enquiries concerning the actors; while the boy seemed entirely engrossed with devouring an orange, and paid no attention whatever to the stage. Reynolds was nodding himself, when a fruit-woman whispered to him that he was sitting between Mister and Master Betty. He now began to open his eyes and examine the premises. At this moment the door burst open, and hundreds came rushing into the box, who had deserted their own. 'Mister' was alarmed, and called loudly for the box-keeper. But the latter being kept off by the crowd, Reynolds took compassion on the strangers, and urgently requested them to submit themselves to his guidance. They complied, and followed him to the stage-door. The crowd now made way, right and left, supposing they should get a fair view of the monster in the lobby. Reynolds deliv-

ered them into the hands of the box-keeper ; and the latter opened a door which led behind the scenes. Thus the game escaped safe ; the pack were suddenly at fault ; and the pursued took shelter in the cover of the green room. Soon after this, and during the height of the Betty-mania, Reynolds dined at Sir Frederick Eden's, in Pall Mall. Among all the fine gentlemen and ladies present, Roscius was the exclusive subject. An elderly lady, sighing and throwing her eyes up to the ceiling, exclaimed—"I fear we shall soon lose him." Another fanned herself and said "she had no patience with John Kemble ; for when his asthma was in its very worst state, instead of nursing himself, he had gone to his box, purposely to cough down his paramount opponent." A third whispered to a lady near her—"I saw your dear boy to-day, and how I do envy you. Certainly he resembles the divine Master Betty." Reynolds was all the while writhing under this miserable nonsense. He suffered still more when the gentlemen at length joined in the chorus. His host addressed him at last—"Why are you silent, Reynolds ? as a theatrical man, you must have your opinion." "Indeed ! a dramatic author in the room," said an old gentleman, "now, ladies, we shall have fresh beauties discovered. Sir, you remember Garrick and Henderson ?" Reynolds bowed assent. "Well, sir, upon your honor, does not the boy surpass both ?" "Oh, certainly" was already murmured round the table. "No, sir," said Reynolds, bursting with rage, "I answer upon my honor that he does not : with all due deference to what has been said, I doubt if he can even pronounce the word by which he lives." "And pray sir, what should that word be ?" asked the company. "Humbug !" was the answer. Here Reynolds says he was interrupted by a yell so terrific that he should probably have qualified his opinion, from a regard to his personal safety : but his host, agreeing with him and enjoying the sport, jogged him to go on. He defended himself therefore, against the whole party, till judging him impregnable, the ladies retired, highly incensed. He was never after invited to the house. Reynolds speaks handsomely of the grown-up Master Betty, as a good second-rate actor and a man of sense. In contrast with the career of Betty, just sketched, it need not be added, that Burke has already been seven years before the public in all the departments of the drama, and with all the disadvantages of succeeding Betty and his imitators. He stands higher in the estimation of good judges at this time than at any former period.

REFRESHING RETROSPECTIONS.

THE sun is just awaking, the gray clouds,
Which, since his sleep, have brooded o'er the earth
In low'ring melancholy, now depart,
Like guilty things before the breath of morning.
And now the sun has donned his glittering robes,
And like the Phœbus-gifted king of story,
Doth change all things he smiles upon to gold.
The single star, that, till the morning's birth,
Hath watched his slumbers, after all its brethren
Have shut their winking eyes of drowsy fire,
Now peers upon the glorious one, for whom
It hath forgot its slumbers, and beneath
The golden shade of his imperial wing,
Soothed by his smile, relapses into sleep.
The mists, that amorous through the night have hung
Upon the brows of the upreaching hills,
Melt in the glances of the jealous sun,
(Impatient of their veil which intercepts
The kiss wherewith he fires the blushing hills,)
And weeping pass away. The golden rays
Mix with their tears until the rising mist
Seemeth a fairy shower of winnowed gold.
The sheety river sparkles in the light,
And seems a silver floor, on which a rain
Of glistening diamonds has but just descended.
The air is full of wildering melody,
The trees are rife with music, for their leaves
Laugh and disport with zephyrs, and sound out
A humming music—and the many birds
Are pouring out their liquid melody
Till the sense toils t'enjoy. The merry lark
Springs from his plummy nest, breasting the clouds,
And showers his thrilling music, even till
His tiny form is lost within the light.
Upon the earth, the small and peeping flowers
Are holding up their vases full of dew
For the sun's beams to bathe in, and the blades
Of the thin pointed grass, all glittering
With gilded moisture, seem the glancing spears
Of some vast Lilliputian army. Near,
Under the shadow of a breezy tree,
Some tiny flowerets still, with half shut lips,
Strive to retain the freshening dew upon them,
To cool them from the fiery sun's hot breath;
And now the pleasant summer wind is waking
And rolls along the forest lazily;
The mossy oaks, patricians of the woods,
Wave their huge arms aloft, to woo the breeze
That lifts in sportiveness their leafy tresses—
The white and tiny clouds rush playfully
O'er heaven's arch, upon the wind's cool breast

Up-borne—and seem a crowd of fleecy swans
Sailing on some blue river. The thin shrubs
Bend modestly beneath the rushing West,
That whisp'ring of love runs lightly o'er them.
Yonder the wind hath waked the placid water
Into commotion, and its glassy sheet
Rolls into ripples, which with noiseless steps
Slide o'er the golden sand.

* * * * *

The sun has risen high—The wetted leaves
No longer shield me from his piercing heat,
I will retire,—

THE LAST BACHELOR.

“Not a divorce stirring—but a great many in embryo in the shape of marriages.” MOORE'S BYRON.

It was on New Year's Eve in 1820, that twelve young professional men sat around the table of a club room, at supper. The cloth had been removed, and nothing was left upon the mahogany but an expressive black bottle, and a single thin spirituelle looking glass to each member. They had drank up to Gallagher's best.

The Old South struck eleven, and the last hour of the year was hailed with an uproarious welcome.

“A bumper, gentlemen,” said Harry St. John, the ‘sad dog’ of the club, “brim your beakers, my friends, and let every man be under the table when the ghost of the old year passes over.”

“No, no!” timidly remonstrated Ernest Gourlay, a pale graduate just from the University, who sat modestly at the bottom of the table, “no, no! it is a sad hour, not a merry one! Cork the bottle till after twelve! We have lost too many hours of the year to throw away the last! Let us be rational till the clock strikes, at least, and then drink if you will. For my part, I never pass these irrevocable periods without a chill at my heart. Come, St. John, indulge me this time! Push back the bottle!” The dark eyes of the handsome student flashed as he looked around, and the wild spirits of the club were sobered for a moment—only!

“Good advice,” said Fred Esperel, a young physician, breaking the silence, “but, like my own pills, to be taken at discretion. Sink moralizing, I say. There are times and

places enough when we must be grave. I for one, will never mope when I can be merry; what say, O'Lavender? Fill your glass, and trump my philosophy."

"Smother me! but you're all wrong," hiccupped the dandy, who was always sentimental in his cups, "Gourlay, there, (I am shocked at your atrocious cravat, by the way, Ernest,) Gourlay is nearer to it—but—but he smacks of his vocation! No preaching—let us be (pass the bottle, Tom!) sober. Send for a dozen 'white-top'—and when the clock strikes twelve (those cur-cursed olives make me stutter) seal it up—solemnly—for the last surviving m-m-member—solemnly, I say!"

"What's the use!" thundered Tom Corliss, who, till the third bottle, had not spoken a word, and from sundry such symptoms was strongly suspected of being in love, "who would drink it? not I, 'faith! What! sit down when eleven such fellows 'slept without their pillows,' to drink! It's an odd taste of yours, my dear macaroni! It would be much better to travestie that whim, and *seal a bottle of vinegar for the last bachelor!*"

The proposition was received with a universal shout of approbation. The vinegar was ordered, with pen, ink and paper. Gourlay wrote out a bond by which every member bound himself to drink it, in case it fell to his lot, on the night the last man, save himself, was married; and after passing round the table, it was laid aside with its irregular signatures, till twelve. As the clock struck, the seal was set upon the bottle, and after a somewhat thoughtful bumper, the host was called, and the deposit with its document was formally charged to his keeping.

* * * * *

It was on the last night of 1830, that a gentleman, slightly corpulent, and with here and there a gray hair about his temples, sat down alone at the club table in ——— Street with a dusty bottle and a single glass before him. The rain was beating violently against the windows, and in a pause of the gust, as he sat with his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, the solemn tones of the Old South, striking eleven, reached his ear. He started, and, seizing the bottle, held it up to the light, with a contraction of the muscles of his face, and a shudder of disgust quite incomprehensible to the solitary servant who waited his pleasure.

"You may leave the room, William," said he, and as the door closed, he drew from his pocket a smoky, time-stained manuscript, and a number of letters, and threw them impa-

tiently on the table. After sitting a moment and tightening his coat about him in the manner of one who screws up his resolution with some difficulty, he filled his glass from the bottle, and drank it with a sudden and hysterical gulp.

"Pah! it cuts like a sword. And so here I am—the last bachelor! I little thought it ten years ago, this night. How fresh it is in my mind! Ten years, since I put the seal on that bottle with my own hand! It seems impossible. How distinctly I remember those dozen rascally Benedicts who are laughing at me to-night, seated round this very table, and roaring at my proposition! All married—St. John, and Fred Esperel and little Gourlay, and to-night, last of all, O'Lavender has got before me with his cursed alacrity. And I am—it's useless to deny it—the *old* bachelor. I, Tom Corliss—that am as soft in my nature as a "milk diet!" I—that could fall in love, any time in my life, from mere propinquity! I—that have sworn (and broken) more vows than Mercury! I—that never saw a bright eye, nor touched a delicate finger, nor heard a treble voice without making love presently to its owner! I, Tom Corliss—an old bachelor! Was it for this I flirted with *you*, — — —? Was it for this I played shadow three nights successively to *you*, — — —? Was it for this, oh — — —, that I flattered you into the belief that you was a wit, and found you in puns a fortnight to keep up the illusion? Was it for this I forswore laughter, oh serious — — —, and smothered your mother with moral saws? Was it for this, I say, that I have danced with time-out-of-mind-wall-flowers, and puckered my wits into birth-day-rhymes, and played groomsman monthly and semi-monthly at an unknown expense for new kerseymeres and bridal serenades? Oh, Tom Corliss! Tom Corliss! thou hast beaten the bush for every body, but hast caught no bird for thyself!

And so—they have each written me a letter, as they promised. Let me see:—

Dear Tom—How is the hippocrene? I think I see you with the bottle before you! Who would have dreamed that *you* would drink it? *Pour moi-meme*, I am married as you know, and my children sing "we are seven." I am very happy—very. My wife—(you knew her)—is a woman of education, and knows everything. I can't say but *she* knows too much. Her learning *does* pester me, now and then—I confess that I think if I were to marry again, it would be a woman that didn't read Greek. Farewell, Tom. Marry and be virtuous.

Yours, HARRY.

N. B. Never marry a "woman of talents."

Ha! ha! "happy—*very* happy!" Humbug, my dear Harry! Your wife is a blue, as virulent as verdigris, and you are the most unhappy of Benedicts. So much for *your* crowing. We'll see another:—

Tom, I pity thee. Thou poor, flannel-wrapped, forsaken, fidgetty bachelor! drink thy vinegar and grow amiable! Here am I, blest as Abraham. My wife is the most innocent (that's her fault, by the way)—the most innocent creature that lives. She loves me to a foolish degree. She has no opinion but mine—no will of her own (except such as I give her, you understand)—no faults, and no prominent propensities. I am happy as I can expect in this sad world. Marry, Tom, marry. "The world must be peopled."
Thine ever, FRED.

N. B. Don't marry a woman that is remarkable for her "simplicity."

I envy not *thee*, Fred Esperel! Thy wife is a fool, and thy children, egregious ninnies, every one! Thou wouldst give the whole bunch of their carrotty heads for thy liberty again. Once more:—

Tom, my lad! get married! "Matrimony," you know, "is like Jeremiah's figs—the good are very good"—(the rest of the quotation is inapt.) My wife is the prettiest woman in the parish. (I wish she wasn't, by the way!) my house is the resort of all the gay fellows about town. I'm quite the thing (my wife is, that is to say) every where. I am excessively happy—excessively—assure yourself of that. I grow thin, they say—but that's age. And I've lost my habit of laughing—but that's proper, as I'm warden. On the whole, however, I'm tolerably contented, and I think I shall live these ten years—if my wife settles down—as she will, you know. God bless you, Tom. How is the vinegar? Well—marry! mind that,
Yours always, G.

N. B. I wouldn't marry a beauty if I were you, Tom.

Poor Gourlay! His wife's a belle, and he's as jealous as Bluebeard—dying absolutely of corrosion. It's eating him up by inches. Hang the letters! they make me melancholy. One more, and I'll throw the boding things into the fire:—

My sweet Tom—I hope the gods have promised thee a new weasand. The vinegar improves, doubtless, by age. It must be a satisfaction, too, that it is nectar of your own bottling. Here I am—the happiest dog that is coupled. My wife (I took warning from Gourlay) is not run after by a pack of puppies. She's not handsome, Heaven knows—(I wish she were a *trifle* prettier) but she's as good as Dorcas. Ah! how we walk and talk, *evenings*. (I prefer that time, as I can imagine her pretty, when I don't see her, you know, Tom.) And how we sit in the dim light of the boudoir, and gaze at each other's just perceptible figure, and sigh! Ah, Tom! marry and be blest—as I am! Yours truly, PHIL.

P. S. Marry a woman that is at least *pretty*, Tom.

The gods forbid that I should marry one like yours, Phil! She is enough to make one's face ache! And so you are all

discontented—one's wife is too smart, another's too simple, another's too pretty, and another's too plain! And what might not mine have been, had I too been irreparably a husband!

Well—I *am* an "old bachelor." I didn't think it though, till now. How hard it is to believe oneself past anything in this world! And is it *my* lot, with all my peculiar fitness for matrimony,—with all my dreams of woman, my romance, my skill in philandering—is it *my* lot to be laid on the shelf, after all? Am I to be shunned by sixteen as a bore—to be pointed at by schoolboys as an "old bachelor"—(shocking title!) to be invited to superannuated tea-drinkings—to be quizzed with solicitations for foundling hospitals—to be asked of my rheumatism, and pestered for snuff, and recommended to warm chairs! The gods pity me!

But, not so fast! What is the prodigious difference! What if I were married! I should have to pay for a whole house instead of a part—to feed Heaven-knows-how-many mouths instead of one—to give up my whole bed for a half or quarter—to dine at another's hour and not my own—to adopt another's friendships and submit my own to her pleasure—to give up my nap after dinner for a romp with a child—to turn my library into a nursery, and my quiet fire into a Babel—to call on my wife's cronies, and dine my wife's followers, and humor my wife's palate, at the expense of my own cronies, followers, and palate. "But there's domestic felicity," says the imp at my elbow, "and interchange of sentiment, and sweet reliance, and the respectability of a man with a family, and duty to the state, and perpetuation of name, and comfort, and attention, and love." Prizes in a lottery—all! and a whole life the price of a ticket!

And why not live single, then. What should I have *then*, which I cannot have now. Company at my table? I can have it when I like—and what is better, *such* as I like. Personal attention? Half a wife's pin-money will purchase the most assiduous. Love? What need have I of that? or how long does it last when it is compulsory? Is there a treasure in my heart that will canker if it is not spent? Have I affections that will gnaw like a hunger if they are not fed. *Must* I love and be beloved? I think not, But this is the rub, if there be one.

I'll look into it the first day I feel metaphysical.

SPIRIT OF LIBERTY....1830.

WHAT, shall no sons but proud Columbia's dare
 To walk unmoved by a monarch's nod?
 What, shall the children of those regions fair
 Bow unto any but the mighty God?
 Shall classic Greece be trampled by the slave?
 Shall Rome live humbled in her fallen state?
 Shall rocky Switzerland be Freedom's grave?
 Shall Liberty no more on Europe wait—
 No champion spring forth to save her from her fate?

The heroes of the olden time look down,
 From those far mansions in the glowing sky,
 On those broad lands whence Liberty has flown;
 And as they look tears start to each proud eye.
 The good, the noble, from the 'ancient dead,'
 Mourn for earth's bondage from yon heavenly place.
 Have all, have all those better spirits fled?
 Shall not they leave on earth some little trace—
 No twilight radiance from the brightness of their race?

Comes there no warrior from Thermopylæ,
 No Thrasybulus, from his 'Attic plains,'
 No Tell, with garlands earned from Liberty;
 Say, shall such spirits never rise again?
 Yes, there is one, the friend of Washington,
 He, whose bright sun of glory ne'er shall set,
 He, whom America may call her son,
 He, whose France from him gains her honor yet,
 Whose name all love to breathe—the name of LAFAYETTE.

Oh! long in peace war's smothered fires had slept,
 And many deemed forever they were gone;
 At length they burst, and in their wrath they swept
 The tyrant Bourbon from his tott'ring throne;
 Then, then the people in their might arose—
 With angry arms the bolt of vengeance hurled—
 That bolt—it fell—then sank their dastard foes,
 And midst the triumph of a glorying world
 Proudly at length the tri-striped banner is unfurled.

In three short days that glorious deed was done—
 Three mornings dawned—and sunny France was free;
 But ne'er shall cease a work so well begun
 Till Europe joins in Freedom's jubilee.
 E'en now has Belgium caught th' electric spark,
 War's thunder peals upon her dike-bound shore.
 What sound is echoing from Sarmatia? hark!
 'Tis Kosciusko's spirit speaks once more;
 Lo, Poland springs from chains—her slavery is o'er!

Thrice glorious times ! Oh may that spirit spread,
Upon the wings of morning, through the earth,
Swift as the lightning by the thunderer sped ;
And where it comes may Liberty have birth.
Heroes of Rome ! shall not your sons arise
And stand in Freedom as they oft have stood ?
What ! shall the tints of soft Italian skies
Shine but for slaves who have for masters sued ?—
Better her fertile plains be red with seas of blood.

No, no ; prophetic eyes may pierce the veil
Which now is hung o'er Europe's future lot,
And read, and gladly tell the joyous tale,
That crowns and monarchs soon shall be forgot.
So should it be : men were all equal born—
Ay, free and equal as the chainless wind ;
The spell of power has bound the world too long—
'Tis broke at last ; man is no longer blind,
For all go onward in the mighty march of mind.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE spell of Spring is upon us. A week of almost uninterrupted sunshine, with a warm bland wind from the southwest, and moonlight nights of heavenly clearness, have given us the genial feeling of April, and made us already forgetful of the severities of the hardly departed Winter. The channel of the lovely bay before our window is clear of ice, and the broad shallows on the South Boston shore, covered at this moment with a flood tide, twinkle in an unbroken surface of ripples to the very beach, and the atmosphere above it has the soft white mistiness of Summer. Filmy clouds in the sky, and running water at our feet, and an air soft as May in our nostrils—who could be churlish ? Every face we meet has an enjoying openness in its expression, and the dry, sunny sidewalks are trodden by the slow-paced invalids, and here and there an adventurous housekeeper has set open her windows wide, and all looks like Summer. We remember such a season last year, and the year before, and we are told by an oracular octogenarian that there comes always before the Spring a season answering to the Indian Summer in the Autumn—a suspension of change—a truce of storms—as delightful as it is unaccountable. And so much for our calendar.

Among other agreeable consequences of the mild weather, the ice-bound sloops are unlocked from the cape harbors, and

the long expected consignments of Moore's Byron have arrived. It is a book that, from its intrinsic character, no one can sit down to with indifference, and our interest in it was increased tenfold by the discussions with which the first volume had filled the world, and our curiosity to know the result of the beginnings it developed. We are satisfied now that we know all of Byron that we could know. Mr. Moore, we are persuaded, has withheld no part of the "Journal in the white leather bag" that was worth perusing. There cannot have been a point of his character, and hardly a circumstance of his life concealed. The outline is so full—the anatomy is so perfect—that like a look at an entire skeleton, you are convinced that, save the flesh and blood, you see the whole man. Whether Mr. Moore has acted fairly by his friend, is a question we do not care to discuss. It is between himself and honor. But in any case, we are willing to take advantage of the result, for we get by it the clearest look into human nature ever offered to human eye. It is a splendid specimen of a heart splendidly developed, (philosophically speaking,) and of all the characters we know, and of all the influences we would have one subjected to, for the mere spectacle of seeing how it would work, Byron's character and its influences would have been our choice. He was a grand specimen of a *man*, left to his passions and his self-will, and, like a mountain lake bursting its bounds, he has shown us by his irresistible course, the weaknesses of his nature, and the comparative strength of opposing obstacles.

We are willing to grant (all Mr. Moore would probably ask as a justification of the liberties he has taken with his friend's memory) that we do not think worse of Byron from the perusal of this book, but the contrary. Everything is exaggerated by mystery, and public rumor had whispered about suspicions, darker by a thousand shades than the worst construction upon the truth. We have ourselves heard stories which could not be told but to the ear—horrible crimes,—of which Byron must have been, and was, utterly incapable. It is said that these should have been suffered to die away—that it is bad policy to rake open such foul subjects anew—that Byron should rest now he is dead. But *will* they die away?—and *can* such stabs in the reputation of the dead cicatrize?—and would the memory of Byron *ever* rest with such slanders heaped upon it? No—the only way to heal the wound is to purge it first—the only antidote to slander is truth, and truth will be an antidote eventually, though its first effect is seemingly to deepen and irritate it. An indefinite crime never is forgiven.

Mr. Moore has a paragraph on his motives in giving the details of Lord Byron's life in Italy, which partially explain his notions on the subject :—

"It must have been observed, in my account of Lord Byron's life previous to his marriage, that, without leaving altogether unnoticed (what, indeed, was too notorious to be so evaded) certain affairs of gallantry in which he had the reputation of being engaged, I have thought it right, besides refraining from such details in my narrative, to suppress also whatever passages in his Journals and Letters might be supposed to bear too personally or particularly on the same delicate topics. Incomplete as the strange history of his mind and heart must, in one of its most interesting chapters, be left by these omissions, still a deference to that peculiar sense of decorum in this country, which marks the mention of such frailties as hardly a less crime than the commission of them, and, still more, the regard due to the feelings of the living, who ought not rashly to be made to suffer for the errors of the dead, have combined to render this sacrifice, however much it may be regretted, necessary.

"We have now, however, shifted the scene to a region where less caution is requisite ;—where, from the different standard applied to female morals in these respects, if the wrong itself be not lessened by the diminution of the consciousness of it, less scruple may be, at least, felt towards persons so circumstanced, and whatever delicacy we may think right to exercise in speaking of their frailties, must be with reference rather to our views and usages than theirs.

"Availing myself, with this latter qualification, of the greater latitude thus allowed me, I shall venture so far to depart from the plan hitherto pursued, as to give, with but little suppression, the noble poet's letters relative to his Italian adventures. To throw a veil altogether over these irregularities of his private life, would be to afford—were it even practicable—but a partial portraiture of his character ; while, on the other hand, to rob him of the advantage of being himself the historian of his errors (where no injury to others can flow from the disclosure,) would be to deprive him of whatever softening light can be thrown round such transgressions by the vivacity and fancy, the passionate love of beauty, and the strong yearning after affection, which, with the aid of the clew he himself alone can furnish, will be found to have mingled, more or less, with even the least refined of his attachments. Neither is any great danger to be apprehended from the sanction or seduction of such an example ; as they who would dare to plead the authority of Lord Byron for their errors, must first be able to trace them to the same palliating sources,—to that sensibility, whose very excesses showed its strength and depth,—that stretch of imagination, to the very verge, perhaps, of what reason can bear without giving way,—that whole combination, in short, of grand but disturbing powers, which alone could be allowed to extenuate such moral derangement, but which, even in him thus dangerously gifted, were insufficient to excuse it."

It would be tedious and unnecessary to take the different parts of this book, mixed and irregular as it is, and draw regular inferences from the letters and the biographer's comments. Our object is to give our readers what we think would interest them in reading it, and we shall go through, extracting marked passages, in the order in which they come.

The following account of the commencement of his acquaintance with Shelley will have a twofold interest :—

"Among the inmates at Secheron, on his arrival at Geneva, Lord Byron had found Mr. and Mrs. Shelley, and a female relative of the latter, who had about a fortnight before taken up their residence at this hotel. It was the first time that Lord Byron and Mr. Shelley ever met; though, long before, when the latter was quite a youth,—being the younger of the two by four or five years,—he had sent to the noble poet a copy of his *Queen Mab*, accompanied by a letter, in which, after detailing at full length all the accusations he had heard brought against his character, he added, that should these charges not have been true, it would make him happy to be honored with his acquaintance. The book alone, it appears, reached its destination,—the latter having miscarried,—and Lord Byron was known to have expressed warm admiration of the opening lines of the poem.

"There was, therefore, on their present meeting at Geneva, no want of disposition towards acquaintance on either side, and an intimacy almost immediately sprung up between them. Among the tastes common to both, that for boating was not the least strong; and in this beautiful region they had more than ordinary temptations to indulge in it. Every evening, during their residence under the same roof at Secheron, they embarked, accompanied by the ladies and Polidori, on the lake; and to the feelings and fancies inspired by these excursions, which were not unfrequently prolonged into the hours of moonlight, we are indebted for some of those enchanting stanzas, in which the poet has given way to his passionate love of Nature so fervidly.

‘There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drips the light drop of the suspended oar.
* * * * *

At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy,—for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away.’

"A person who was of these parties has thus described to me one of their evenings. ‘When the *bise* or northeast wind blows, the waters of the lake are driven towards the town, and, with the stream of the Rhone, which sets strongly in the same direction, combine to make a very rapid current towards the harbor. Carelessly, one evening, we had yielded to its course, till we found ourselves almost driven on the piles; and it required all our rowers’ strength to master the tide. The waves were high and inspiriting,—we were all animated by our contest with the elements. ‘I will sing you an Albanian song,’ cried Lord Byron; ‘now, be sentimental and give me all your attention.’ It was a strange, wild howl that he gave forth; but such as, he declared, was an exact imitation of the savage Albanian mode,—laughing, the while, at our disappointment, who had expected a wild Eastern melody.’

"Sometimes the party landed, for a walk upon the shore, and, on such occasions, Lord Byron would loiter behind the rest, lazily trailing his sword-stick along, and moulding, as he went, his thronging thoughts into shape. Often too, when in the boat, he would lean abstractedly over the side and surrender himself up, in silence, to the same absorbing task.

"The conversation of Mr. Shelley, from the extent of his poetic reading, and the strange, mystic speculations into which his system of philosophy led him, was of a nature strongly to arrest and interest the attention of Lord Byron, and to turn him away from worldly associations and topics into more abstract and untrodden ways of thought. As far as contrast, indeed, is an enlivening ingredient of such intercourse, it would be difficult to find two persons more formed to whet each other's faculties by discussion, as on few points of common interest between them did their opinions agree; and that this difference had its root deep in the conformation of their respective minds needs but a glance through the rich, glittering labyrinth of Mr. Shelley's pages to assure us.

"In Lord Byron, the real was never forgotten in the fanciful. However, Imagination had placed her whole realm at his disposal; he was no less a man of this world than a ruler of hers; and, accordingly, through the airiest and most subtle creations of his brain still the life-blood of truth and reality circulates. With Shelley it was far otherwise;—his fancy (and he had sufficient for a whole generation of poets) was the medium through which he saw all things, his facts as well as his theories; and not only the greater part of his poetry, but the political and philosophical speculations in which he indulged, were all distilled through the same over-refining and unrealizing alembic. Having started as a teacher and reformer of the world, at an age when he could know nothing of the world but from fancy, the persecution he met with on the threshold of this boyish enterprise but confirmed him in his first paradoxical views of human ills and their remedies; and, instead of waiting to take lessons of authority and experience, he, with a courage, admirable had it been but wisely directed, made war upon both. From this sort of self-willed start in the world, an impulse was at once given to his opinions and powers directly contrary, it would seem, to their natural bias, and from which his life was too short to allow him time to recover. With a mind, by nature, fervidly pious, he yet refused to acknowledge a Supreme Providence, and substituted some airy abstraction of 'Universal Love' in its place. An aristocrat by birth, and, as I understand, also in appearance and manners, he was yet a leveller in politics, and to such an Utopian extent as to be, seriously, the advocate of a community of property. With a delicacy and even romance of sentiment, which lends such grace to some of his less poems, he could, notwithstanding, contemplate a change in the relations of the sexes, which would have led to results fully as gross as his arguments for it were fastidious and refined; and though benevolent and generous to an extent that seemed to exclude all idea of selfishness, he yet scrupled not, in the pride of system, to disturb wantonly the faith of his fellow-men, and, without substituting an equivalent good in its place, to rob the wretched of a hope, which, even if false, would be worth all this world's best truths.

"Upon no point were the opposite tendencies of the two friends,—to long established opinions and matter of fact on one side, and to all that was most innovating and visionary on the other,—more observable than in their notions on philosophical subjects; Lord Byron being, with the great bulk of mankind, a believer in the existence of Matter and Evil, while Shelley so far refined upon the theory of Berkeley as not only to resolve the whole of Creation into Spirit, but to add also to this immaterial system some pervading principle, some abstract nonentity of Love and Beauty, of which—as a substitute, at least, for Deity—the philosophic bishop had never dreamed. On such subjects, and on poetry, their conversation generally turned; and, as might be expected from Lord Byron's

facility in receiving new impressions, the opinions of his companion were not altogether without some influence on his mind. Here and there, among those fine bursts of passion and description that abound in the Third Canto of *Childe Harold*, may be discovered traces of that mysticism of meaning,—that sublimity, losing itself in its own vagueness,—which so much characterized the writings of his extraordinary friend; and in one of the notes we find Shelley's favorite Pantheism of Love thus glanced at:—‘But this is not all: the feeling with which all around Clarens and the opposite rocks of Meillerie is invested, is of a still higher and more comprehensive order than the mere sympathy with individual passion; it is a sense of the existence of love in its most extended and sublime capacity, and of our own participation of its good and of its glory: it is the great principle of the universe, which is there more condensed, but not less manifested; and of which, though knowing ourselves a part, we lose our individuality, and mingle in the beauty of the whole.’

“Another proof of the ductility with which he fell into his new friend's tastes and predilections, appears in the tinge, if not something deeper, of the manner and cast of thinking of Mr. Wordsworth, which is traceable through so many of his most beautiful stanzas. Being naturally, from his love of the abstract and imaginative, an admirer of the great poet of the Lakes, Mr. Shelley omitted no opportunity of bringing the beauties of his favorite writer under the notice of Lord Byron; and it is not surprising, that once persuaded into a fair perusal, the mind of the noble poet should—in spite of some personal and political prejudices which unluckily survived this short access of admiration—not only feel the influence, but, in some degree, even reflect the hues of one of the very few real and original poets that this age (fertile as it is in rhymers *quales ego et Cluvienus*) has had the glory of producing.”

We have heard many instances of Shelley's courage and self-devotion. Another occurs in the description of their residence at Geneva:—

“Towards the latter end of June, as we have seen in one of the preceding letters, Lord Byron, accompanied by his friend Shelley, made a tour in his boat round the Lake, and visited, ‘with the Heloise before him,’ all those scenes around Meillerie and Clarens, which have become consecrated forever by ideal passion, and by that power which Genius alone possesses, of giving such life to its dreams as to make them seem realities. In the squall off Meillerie, which he mentions, their danger was considerable. In the expectation, every moment, of being obliged to swim for his life, Lord Byron had already thrown off his coat, and, as Shelley was no swimmer, insisted upon endeavoring, by some means, to save him. This offer, however, Shelley positively refused; and seating himself quietly upon a locker, and grasping the rings at each end firmly in his hands, declared his determination to go down in that position, without a struggle.”

Lord Byron tells an amusing anecdote in one of his letters to Mr. Moore from Venice:—

“Six-and-twenty years ago Col. * * * *, then an ensign, being in Italy, fell in love with the Marchesa * * * *, and she with him. The lady must be, at least, twenty years his senior. The war broke out; he returned to England, to serve—not his country, for that's Ireland—but England, which

is a different thing; and *she*—heaven knows what she did. In the year 1814, the first annunciation of the definitive treaty of peace (and tyranny) was developed to the astonished Milanese by the arrival of Col. * * * *, who, flinging himself full length at the feet of Madame * * * *, murmured forth, in half-forgotten Irish Italian, eternal vows of indelible constancy. The lady screamed and exclaimed, 'Who are you?' The Colonel cried, 'What, don't you know me? I am so and so,' &c. &c.; till, at length, the Marchesa, mounting from reminiscence to reminiscence, through the lovers of the intermediate twenty-five years, arrived at last at the recollection of her *povero* sub-lieutenant. She then said, 'Was there ever such virtue?' (that was her very word) and, being now a widow, gave him apartments in her palace, re-instated him in all the rights of wrong, and held him up to the admiring world as a miracle of incontinent fidelity, and the unshaken Abdiel of absence."

We have frequently been surprised, in the biographies or chance anecdotes of great men, by the confidence with which they believed they had not followed their best vein of talent. Byron here expresses the same feeling:—

"If I live ten years longer, you will see, however, that it is not over with me—I don't mean in literature, for that is nothing; and it may seem odd enough to say, I do not think it my vocation. But you will see that I shall do something or other—the times and fortune permitting—that, 'like the cosmogony, or creation of the world, will puzzle the philosophers of all ages.' But I doubt whether my constitution will hold out."

In the following shrewd remark, we recognize the principle of the poet's great peculiarity—the life-like reality of his writings:—

"There is still, in the Doge's palace, the black veil painted over Faliero's picture, and the staircase whereon he was first crowned Doge, and subsequently decapitated. This was the thing that most struck my imagination in Venice—more than the Rialto, which I visited for the sake of Shylock; and more, too, than Schiller's '*Armenian*,' a novel which took a great hold of me when a boy. It is also called the 'Ghost Seer,' and I never walked down St. Mark's by moonlight without thinking of it, and 'at nine o'clock he died!'—but I hate things *all fiction*; and therefore the *Merchant* and *Othello* have no great associations to me: but *Pierre* has. There should always be some foundation of fact for the most airy fabric, and pure invention is but the talent of a liar."

In the course of a tour through the north of Italy, Mr. Moore visits Lord Byron at Venice. The account is extremely interesting:—

"It was not long before Lord Byron himself made his appearance, and the delight I felt in meeting him once more, after a separation of so many years, was not a little heightened by observing that his pleasure was, to the full, as great, while it was rendered doubly touching by the evident rarity of such meetings to him of late, and the frank outbreak of cordiality and gaiety with which he gave way to his feelings. It would be impossible, indeed, to convey to those who have not, at some time or other, felt the charm of his manner, any idea of what it could be when under

the influence of such pleasurable excitement as it was most flatteringly evident he experienced at this moment.

"I was a good deal struck, however, by the alteration that had taken place in his personal appearance. He had grown fatter both in person and face, and the latter had most suffered by the change,—having lost, by the enlargement of the features, some of that refined and spiritualized look that had, in other times, distinguished it. The addition of whiskers, too, which he had not long before been induced to adopt, from hearing that some one had said he had a '*faccia di musico*,' as well as the length to which his hair grew down on his neck, and the rather foreign air of his coat and cap,—all combined to produce that dissimilarity to his former self I had observed in him. He was still, however, eminently handsome; and, in exchange for whatever his features might have lost of their high, romantic character, they had become more fitted for the expression of that arch, waggish wisdom, that Epicurean play of humor, which he had shown to be equally inherent in his various and prodigally gifted nature; while, by the somewhat increased roundness of the contours, the resemblance of his finely formed mouth and chin to those of the Belvedere Apollo had become still more striking.

"His breakfast, which I found he rarely took before three or four o'clock in the afternoon, was speedily despatched,—his habit being to eat it standing, and the meal in general consisting of one or two raw eggs, a cup of tea without either milk or sugar, and a bit of dry biscuit. Before we took our departure, he presented me to the Countess Guiccioli, who was at this time, as my readers already know, living under the same roof with him at La Mira; and who, with a style of beauty singular in an Italian, as being fair-complexioned and delicate, left an impression upon my mind, during this our first short interview, of intelligence and amiableness such as all that I have since known or heard of her has but served to confirm.

"We now started together, Lord Byron and myself, in my little Milanese vehicle, for Fusina,—his portly gondolier Tita, in a rich livery and most redundant mustachios, having seated himself on the front of the carriage, to the no small trial of its strength, which had already once given way, even under my own weight, between Verona and Vicenza. On our arrival at Fusina, my noble friend, from his familiarity with all the details of the place, had it in his power to save me both trouble and expense in the different arrangements relative to the custom-house, remise, &c.; and the good-natured assiduity with which he bustled about in despatching these matters, gave me an opportunity of observing, in his use of the infirm limb, a much greater degree of activity than I had ever before, except in sparring, witnessed.

"As we proceeded across the Lagoon in his gondola, the sun was just setting, and it was an evening such as Romance would have chosen for a first sight of Venice, rising 'with her tiara of bright towers' above the wave; while, to complete, as might be imagined, the solemn interest of the scene, I beheld it in company with him who had lately given a new life to its glories, and sung of that fair City of the Sea thus grandly:

'I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the winged lion's marble piles,
Where Venice, state in state, throned on her hundred isles.'

"But, whatever emotions the first sight of such a scene might, under other circumstances, have inspired me with, the mood of mind in which I now viewed it was altogether the very reverse of what might have been expected. The exuberant gaiety of my companion, and the recollections,—anything but romantic,—into which our conversation wandered, put at once completely to flight all poetical and historical associations; and our course was, I am almost ashamed to say, one of uninterrupted merriment and laughter till we found ourselves at the steps of my friend's palazzo on the Grand Canal. All that had ever happened of gay or ridiculous, during our London life together,—his scrapes and my lecturings,—our joint adventures with the Bores and Blues, the two great enemies, as he always called them, of London happiness,—our joyous nights together at Watier's, Kinnaid's, &c., and 'that d—d supper of Rancilffe's which *ought* to have been a dinner,'—all was passed rapidly in review between us, and with a flow of humor and hilarity, on his side, of which it would have been difficult, even for persons far graver than I can pretend to be, not to have caught the contagion.

"He had all along expressed his determination that I should not go to any hotel, but fix my quarters at his house during the period of my stay; and, had he been residing there himself, such an arrangement would have been all that I most desired. But this not being the case, a common hotel was, I thought, a far readier resource; and I therefore entreated that he would allow me to order an apartment at the Gran Bretagna, which had the reputation, I understood, of being a comfortable hotel. This, however, he would not hear of; and, as an inducement for me to agree to his plan, said, that as long as I chose to stay, though he should be obliged to return to La Mira in the evenings, he would make it a point to come to Venice every day and dine with me. As we now turned into the dismal canal, and stopped before his damp-looking mansion, my predilection for the Gran Bretagna returned in full force; and I again ventured to hint that it would save an abundance of trouble to let me proceed thither. But 'No—no,' he answered,—'I see you think you'll be very uncomfortable here; but you'll find that it is not quite so bad as you expect.'

"As I groped my way after him through the dark hall, he cried out, 'Keep clear of the dog;' and before we had proceeded many paces farther, 'Take care, or that monkey will fly at you;'—a curious proof, among many others, of his fidelity to all the tastes of his youth, as it agrees perfectly with the description of his life at Newstead, in 1809, and of the sort of menagerie which his visitors had then to encounter in their progress through his hall. Having escaped these dangers, I followed him up the staircase to the apartment destined for me. All this time he had been despatching servants in various directions,—one, to procure me a *laquais de place*; another to go in quest of Mr. Alexander Scott, to whom he wished to give me in charge; while a third was sent to order his Segretario to come to him. 'So then you keep a Secretary?' I said. 'Yes,' he answered, 'a fellow who *can't write*—but such are the names these pompous people give to things.'

"When we had reached the door of the apartment it was discovered to be locked, and, to all appearance, had been so for some time, as the key could not be found;—a circumstance which, to my English apprehension, naturally connected itself with notions of damp and desolation, and I again sighed inwardly for the Gran Bretagna. Impatient at the delay of the key, my noble host, with one of his humorous maledictions, gave a vigorous kick to the door and burst it open; on which we at once entered into an apartment not only spacious and elegant, but wearing an aspect of comfort and habitableness, which to a traveller's eye is as welcome as it is

rare. 'Here,' he said, in a voice whose every tone spoke kindness and hospitality,—'these are the rooms I use myself, and here I mean to establish you.'

"He had ordered dinner from some *Tratteria*, and while waiting its arrival—as well as that of Mr. Alexander Scott, whom he had invited to join us—we stood out on the balcony, in order that, before the daylight was quite gone, I might have some glimpses of the scene which the canal presented. Happening to remark, in looking up at the clouds, which were still bright in the west, that, 'what had struck me in Italian sunsets was that peculiar rosy hue——' I had hardly pronounced the word 'rosy,' when Lord Byron, clapping his hand on my mouth, said, with a laugh, 'Come, d—n it, Tom *don't* be poetical.' Among the few gondolas passing at the time, there was one at some distance, in which sat two gentlemen, who had the appearance of being English; and, observing them to look our way, Lord Byron, putting his arms a-kimbo, said, with a sort of comic swagger, 'Ah, if you, John Bulls, knew who the two fellows are, now standing up here, I think you *would* stare!' I risk mentioning these things, though aware how they may be turned against myself, for the sake of the otherwise indescribable traits of manner and character which they convey. After a very agreeable dinner, through which the jest, the story, and the laugh were almost uninterruptedly carried on, our noble host took leave of us to return to La Mira, while Mr. Scott and I went to one of the theatres, to see the *Ottavia* of Alfieri."

The following description of his person is by an Italian lady of rank, at whose house he was in the habit of visiting :—

"It would be to little purpose to dwell upon the mere beauty of a countenance in which the expression of an extraordinary mind was so conspicuous. What serenity was seated on the forehead, adorned with the finest chesnut hair, light, curling, and disposed with such art, that the art was hidden in the imitation of most pleasing nature! What varied expression in his eyes! They were of the azure color of the heavens, from which they seemed to derive their origin. His teeth, in form, in color, and transparency, resembled pearls; but his cheeks were too delicately tinged with the hue of the pale rose. His neck, which he was in the habit of keeping uncovered as much as the usages of society permitted, seemed to have been formed in a mould, and was very white. His hands were as beautiful as if they had been the works of art. His figure left nothing to be desired, particularly by those who found rather a grace than a defect in a certain light and gentle undulation of the person when he entered a room, and of which you hardly felt tempted to enquire the cause. Indeed it was scarcely perceptible, the clothes he wore were so long.

"He was never seen to walk through the streets of Venice, nor along the pleasant banks of the Brenta, where he spent some weeks of the summer; and there are some who assert that he has never seen, excepting from a window, the wonders of the 'Piazza di San Marco;' so powerful in him was the desire of not showing himself to be deformed in any part of his person. I, however, believe that he has often gazed on those wonders, but in the late and solitary hour, when the stupendous edifices which surrounded him, illuminated by the soft and placid light of the moon, appeared a thousand times more lovely.

"His face appeared tranquil like the ocean on a fine spring morning; but, like it, in an instant became changed into the tempestuous and terrible, if a passion, (a passion did I say?) a thought, a word, occurred to dis-

turb his mind. His eyes then lost all their sweetness, and sparkled so that it became difficult to look on them. So rapid a change would not have been thought possible; but it was impossible to avoid acknowledging that the natural state of his mind was the tempestuous."

In the anecdote below, we probably see the foundation of a part at least of the absurd rumors, at one time afloat, respecting him:—

"P. S. Last year (in June, 1819) I met at Count Mosti's, at Ferrara, an Italian, who asked me 'If I knew Lord Byron?' I told him *no* (no one knows himself, *you* know.) 'Then,' says he, 'I do; I met him at Naples the other day.' I pulled out my card and asked him if that was the way he spelled his name: he answered, *yes*. I suspect that it was a blackguard navy surgeon, who attended a young travelling madam about, and passed himself for a lord at the post houses. He was a vulgar dog, quite of the cock-pit order, and a precious representative I must have had of him, if it was even so; but I don't know. He passed himself off as a gentleman, and squired about a Countess * * (of this place,) then at Venice, an ugly, battered women, of bad morals even for Italy."

The most interesting part of the book is Byron's own Journal, a portion of which Mr. Moore's gives entire. We extract some passages:—

"This morning I gat me up late, as usual—weather bad—bad as England—worse. The snow of last week melting to the sirocco of to-day, so that there were two d—d things at once. Could not even get to ride on horseback in the forest. Stayed at home all the morning—looked at the fire—wondered when the post would come. Post came at the Ave Maria, instead of half past one o'clock, as it ought. Galignani's Messengers, six in number—a letter from Faenza, but none from England. Very sulky in consequence (for there ought to have been letters,) and ate in consequence a copious dinner; for when I am vexed, it makes me swallow quicker—but drank very little.

"I was out of spirits—read the papers—thought what *fame* was, on reading, in a case of murder, that 'Mr. Wych, grocer, at Tunbridge, sold some bacon, flour, cheese, and, it is believed, some plums, to some gipsy woman accused. He had on his counter (I quote faithfully) a *book*, the *Life of Pamela*, which he was *tearing* for waste paper, &c. &c. In the cheese was found, &c., and a *leaf* of *Pamela* wrapped round the *bacon*.' What would Richardson, the vainest and luckiest of living authors (i. e. while alive)—he who, with Aaron Hill, used to prophesy and chuckle over the presumed fall of Fielding (the *prose* Homer of human nature) and of Pope (the most beautiful of poets)—what would he have said could he have traced his pages from their place on the French prince's toilets (see Boswell's Johnson) to the grocer's counter and the gipsy murderess's bacon!!!

"What would he have said? what can anybody say, save what Solomon said long before us? After all, it is but passing from one counter to another, from the bookseller's to the other tradesman's—grocer or pastry-cook. For my part, I have met with most poetry upon trunks; so that I am apt to consider the trunk-maker as the sexton of authorship."

* * * * *

"What is the reason that I have been, all my lifetime, more or less *ennuyé*? and that, if anything, I am rather less so now than I was at twenty, as far as my recollection serves? I do not know how to answer this, but presume that it is constitutional,—as well as the waking in low spirits, which I have invariably done for many years. Temperance and exercise, which I have practised at times, and for a long time together vigorously and violently, made little or no difference. Violent passions did;—when under their immediate influence—it is odd, but—I was in agitated, but *not* in depressed spirits.

"A dose of salts has the effect of a temporary inebriation, like light champagne, upon me. But wine and spirits make me sullen and savage to ferocity—silent, however, and retiring, and not quarrelsome, if not spoken to. Swimming also raises my spirits,—but in general they are low, and get daily lower. That is *hopeless*; for I do not think I am so much *ennuyé* as I was at nineteen. The proof is, that then I must game, or drink, or be in motion of some kind, or I was miserable. At present, I can mope in quietness; and like being alone better than any company—except the lady's whom I serve. But I feel a something, which makes me think that, if I ever reach near to old age, like Swift, 'I shall die at top' first. Only I do not dread idiotism or madness so much as he did. On the contrary, I think some quieter stages of both must be preferable to much of what men think the possession of their senses."

* * * * *

"I have just thought of something odd. In the year 1814, Moore ('the poet,' *par excellence*, and he deserves it) and I were going together in the same carriage to dine with Earl Grey, the Capo Politico of the remaining Whigs. Murray, the magnificent (the illustrious publisher of that name,) had just sent me a Java Gazette—I knew not why or wherefore. Pulling it out, by way of curiosity, we found it to contain a dispute (the said Java Gazette) on Moore's merits and mine. I think, if I had been there, that I could have saved them the trouble of disputing on the subject. But, there is *fame* for you at six-and-twenty! Alexander had conquered India at the same age; but I doubt if he was disputed about, or his conquests compared with those of Indian Bacchus, at Java.

"It was great fame to be named with Moore; greater to be compared with him; greater—*pleasure*, at least, to be *with* him; and, surely, an odd coincidence, that we should be dining together while they were quarrelling about us beyond the equinoctial line.

"Well, the same evening, I met Lawrence, the painter, and heard one of Lord Grey's daughters (a fine, tall, spirit-looking girl, with much of the *patrician, thorough-bred look* of her father, which I dote upon) play on the harp, so modestly and ingeniously, that she *looked music*. Well, I would rather have had my talk with Lawrence (who talked delightfully) and heard the girl, than have had all the fame of Moore and me put together.

"The only pleasure of fame is that it paves the way to pleasure; and the more intellectual our pleasure, the better for the pleasure and for us too. It was, however, agreeable to have heard our fame before dinner, and a girl's harp after."

* * * * *

"Rode—fired pistols—good shooting. Coming back, met an old man. Charity—purchased a shilling's worth of salvation. If that was to be bought, I have given more to my fellow-creatures in this life—sometimes

for vice, but, if not more *often*, at least more *considerably*, for virtue—than I now possess. I never in my life gave a mistress so much as I have sometimes given a poor man in honest distress; but no matter. The scoundrels who have all along persecuted me (with the help of * * who has crowned their efforts) will triumph; and, when justice is done to me, it will be when this hand that writes is as cold as the hearts which have stung me.”

* * * * *

“I remarked in my illness the complete inertion, inaction, and destruction of my chief mental faculties. I tried to rouse them, and yet could not—and this is the *Soul*!!! I should believe that it was married to the body, if they did not sympathize so much with each other. If the one rose, when the other fell, it would be a sign that they longed for the natural state of divorce. But, as it is, they seem to draw together like post-horses.

“Let us hope the best—it is the grand possession.”

He remarks of poetry in a letter to Moore:—

“I feel exactly as you do about our ‘art,’ but it comes over me in a kind of rage every now and then, like * * * * * and then, if I don’t write to empty my mind, I go mad. As to that regular, uninterrupted love of writing, which you describe in your friend, I do not understand it. I feel it as a torture, which I must get rid of, but never as a pleasure. On the contrary, I think composition a great pain.”

Byron did not like Keats. After his death, however, he seems to have relented of his severity of opinion, and writes thus to Moore and Murray:—

“I am very sorry to hear what you say of Keats—is it *actually* true? I did not think criticism had been so killing. Though I differ from you essentially in your estimate of his performances, I so much abhor all unnecessary pain, that I would rather he had been seated on the highest peak of Parnassus than have perished in such a manner. Poor fellow! though with such inordinate self-love he would probably have not been very happy. I read the review of ‘Endymion’ in the Quarterly. It was severe—but surely not so severe as my reviews in that and other journals upon others.

“I recollect the effect on me of the Edinburgh on my first poem; it was rage and resistance, and redress—but not despondency nor despair. I grant that those are not amiable feelings; but, in this world of bustle and broil, and especially in the career of writing, a man should calculate upon his powers of *resistance* before he goes into the arena.

‘Expect not life from pain nor danger free,
Nor deem the doom of man reversed for thee.’

* * * * *

“Is it true what Shelley writes me, that poor John Keats died at Rome of the Quarterly Review? I am very sorry for it, though I think he took the wrong line as a poet, and was spoiled by Cockneyfying, and sububing, and versifying Tooke’s Pantheon and Lampriere’s Dictionary. I know, by experience, that a savage review is hemlock to a sucking author; and the one on me (which produced the English Bards, &c.) knocked me down—but I got up again. Instead of bursting a blood-

vessel, I drank three bottles of claret, and begun an answer, finding that there was nothing in the article for which I could lawfully knock Jeffrey on the head, in an honorable way. However, I would not be the person who wrote the homicidal article for all the honor and glory in the world, though I by no means approve of that school of scribbling which it treats upon."

"You know very well that I did not approve of Keats's poetry, or principles of poetry, or of his abuse of Pope; but, as he is dead, omit all that is said *about him* in any MSS. of mine, or publication. His *Hyperion* is a fine monument, and will keep his name. I do not envy the man who wrote the article;—you Review-people have no more right to kill than any other foot-pads. However, he who would die of an article in a Review would probably have died of something else equally trivial. The same thing nearly happened to Kirke White, who died afterward of a consumption."

In a letter to Moore, he gives the following touching incident:—

"I have had a curious letter to-day from a girl in England (I never saw her,) who says she is given over of a decline, but could not go out of the world without thanking me for the delight which my poesy for several years, &c. &c. &c. It is signed simply N. N. A., and has not a word of 'cant' or preachment in it upon *any* opinions. She merely says that she is dying, and that as I had contributed so highly to her existing pleasure, she thought that she might say so, begging me to *burn her letter*—which, by-the-way, I can *not* do, as I look upon such a letter, in such circumstances, as better than a diploma from Göttingen. I once had a letter from Drontheim, in *Norway* (but not from a dying woman,) in verse, on the same score of gratulation. These are the things which make one at times believe one's self a poet. But if I must believe that ***** , and such fellows are poets also, it is better to be out of the corps."

Shelley visited his friend at Ravenna, and writes thus of him:—

"Lord Byron is greatly improved in every respect—in genius, in temper, in moral views, in health and happiness. His connexion with La Guiccioli has been an inestimable benefit to him. He lives in considerable splendor, but within his income, which is now about four thousand a year, one thousand of which he devotes to purposes of charity. He has had mischievous passions, but these he seems to have subdued; and he is becoming, what he should be, a virtuous man. The interest which he took in the politics of Italy, and the actions he performed in consequence of it, are subjects not fit to be written, but are such as will delight and surprise you.

"He is not yet decided to go to Switzerland, a place, indeed, little fitted for him: the gossip and the cabals of those Anglicised coteries would torment him as they did before, and might exasperate him into a relapse of libertinism, which, he says, he plunged into not from taste, but from despair. La Guiccioli and her brother (who is Lord Byron's friend and confidant, and acquiesces perfectly in her connexion with him) wish to go to Switzerland, as Lord Byron says, merely from the novelty and pleasure of travelling. Lord Byron prefers Tuscany or Lucca, and is

trying to persuade them to adopt his views. He has made *me* write a long letter to her to engage her to remain. An odd thing enough for an utter stranger to write on subjects of the utmost delicacy to his friend's mistress—but it seems destined that I am always to have some active part in everybody's affairs whom I approach. I have set down, in tame Italian, the strongest reasons I can think of against the Swiss emigration. To tell you the truth, I should be very glad to accept as my fee his establishment in Tuscany. Ravenna is a miserable place: the people are barbarous and wild, and their language the most infernal *patois* that you can imagine. He would be in every respect better among the Tuscans.

"He has read to me one of the unpublished cantos of Don Juan, which is astonishingly fine. It sets him not only above, but far above, all the poets of the day. Every word has the stamp of immortality. This canto is in a style (but totally free from indelicacy, and sustained with incredible ease and power) like the end of the second canto: there is not a word which the most rigid asserter of the dignity of human nature could desire to be cancelled: it fulfils, in a certain degree, what I have long preached,—of producing something wholly new, and relative to the age, and yet surpassingly beautiful. It may be vanity, but I think I see the trace of my earnest exhortations to him, to create something wholly new."

The following philosophy of a clear mind has more truth than sentiment:—

"How do *you* manage? I think you told me, at Venice, that your spirits did not keep up without a little claret. I *can* drink and bear a good deal of wine (as you may recollect in England;) but it don't exhilarate—it makes me savage and suspicious, and even quarrelsome. Laudanum has a similar effect; but I can take much of *it* without any effect at all. The thing that gives me the highest spirits (it seems absurd, but true) is a dose of *salts*—I mean in the afternoon, after their effect. But one can't take *them* like champagne."

He speaks repeatedly in his Letters of Lord Clare, an old schoolfellow whom he seemed to have loved with a most rare and generous warmth. In his "Detached Thoughts," he says:—

"Page 128, article 91, of this collection, I had alluded to my friend, Lord Clare, in terms such as my feelings suggested. About a week or two afterward, I met him on the road between Imola and Bologna, after not having met for seven or eight years. He was abroad in 1814, and came home just as I set out in 1816.

"This meeting annihilated for a moment all the years between the present time and the days of *Harrow*. It was a new and inexplicable feeling, like rising from the grave, to me. Clare too was much agitated—more in *appearance* than was myself; for I could feel his heart beat to his fingers' ends, unless, indeed, it was the pulse of my own which made me think so. He told me that I should find a note from him left at Bologna. I did. We were obliged to part for our different journeys, he for Rome, I for Pisa, but with the promise to meet again in spring. We were but five minutes together, and on the public road, but I hardly recollect an hour of my existence which could be weighed against them. He had

heard that I was coming on, and had left his letter for me at Bologna, because the people with whom he was travelling could not wait longer.

"Of all I have ever known, he has always been the least altered in everything from the excellent qualities and kind affections which attached me to him so strongly at school. I should hardly have thought it possible for society (or the world, as it is called) to leave a being with so little of the leaven of bad passions.

"I do not speak from personal experience only, but from all I have ever heard of him from others, during absence and distance."

We have taken up quite too much room with this book, interesting as it is, and we close our extracts from it, with a fragment of a prose story written by Lord Byron, which, though a pretended tale of the "Adventures of an Andalusian Nobleman," throws a very clear light on a passage of his own history which has been much discussed by his enemies:—

"A few hours afterward we were very good friends, and a few days after she set out for Arragon, with my son, on a visit to her father and mother. I did not accompany her immediately, having been in Arragon before, but was to join the family in their Moorish chateau within a few weeks.

"During her journey I received a very affectionate letter from Donna Josepha, apprizing me of the welfare of herself and my son. On her arrival at the chateau, I received another still more affectionate, pressing me, in very fond, and rather foolish terms, to join her immediately. As I was preparing to set out from Seville, I received a third—this was from her father, Don Jose di Cardozo, who requested me, in the politest manner, to dissolve my marriage. I answered him with equal politeness, that I would do no such thing. A fourth letter arrived—it was from Donna Josepha, in which she informed me that her father's letter was written by her particular desire. I requested the reason by return of post—she replied, by express, that, as reason had nothing to do with the matter, it was unnecessary to give any; but that she was an injured and excellent woman. I then enquired why she had written to me the two preceding affectionate letters, requesting me to come to Arragon. She answered, that was because she believed me out of my senses—that, being unfit to take care of myself, I had only to set out on this journey alone, and make my way without difficulty to Don Jose di Cardozo's, I should there have found the tenderest of wives and—a straight waistcoat.

"I had nothing to reply to this piece of affection but a reiteration of my request for some lights upon the subject. I was answered that they would only be related to the Inquisition. In the mean time, our domestic discrepancy had become a public topic of discussion; and the world, which always decides justly, not only in Arragon but in Andalusia, determined that I was not only to blame, but that all Spain could produce nobody so blameable. My case was supposed to comprise all the crimes which could, and several which could not, be committed, and little less than an auto-da-fé was anticipated as the result. But let no man say that we are abandoned by our friends in adversity; it was just the reverse. Mine thronged around me to condemn, advise, and console me with their disapprobation. They told me all that was, would, or could be said on the subject. They shook their heads—they exhorted me—deplored me, with tears in their eyes, and—went to dinner."

We have now every material for forming an estimate of Lord Byron's character. Except that we think somewhat better of him, we have not changed our opinion in the perusal of this last volume. We believed him always to have been generous, brave and sincere—we now know that he was all these. Mr. Galt's book must stand as an irremediable calumny. No fair man could read Byron's letters, and believe him what that gentleman would make him to be. Faults he had, and sad ones—but who, with his nature and circumstances, and the *ignis fatuus* of a genius like his to lead astray, would have had less. We believe him to have been *vain*—perhaps inordinately. But with triumphs like his, personal and intellectual, over all about him, he would have been more than human to have resisted self-worship. The great feature of his mind, we think, (greater and more remarkable even than his fancy) was his inevitable, wonderful shrewdness. He read his own mind, and the minds of those who came in contact with him, with an acumen and a clearness beyond parallel. This it is that gave his poetry its pungent, breathing fidelity to nature, and this it is that throughout his admirable letters runs like a naked nerve of truth—startling you perpetually with exposures as it were of your own very thought and feeling.

The character of the mighty poet is discussed by every lip, and the truest comment we could make upon it would be common-place. Be the present appreciation just or otherwise, we commend it equally to Time, who does justice eventually to all. Byron will be judged truly—as other spirits difficult to measure, have been judged—at last. Our anxiety is for the present alone, and we leave that to the good sense of the community with the confidence that wherever human charity has weight, his memory will neither be execrated nor unblest.

ONE of the most delightful books we have read for the present solstice, is the "HEIRESS OF BRUGES." It is a novel of unusual length and complication of plot and character, but the scene is laid in new ground, and the reader's interest is untiring and progressive. The author seems to delight in powerful contrasts of character, and he travesties everywhere the expectations of the reader, but except in the bragging Don Leonis, we do not think his portraits unnatural. The heroine, Theresa, is romantically won by the hero, De Bassenvelt, under two characters, which he contrives to keep separate and distinct persons, both in the mind of his heroine and the

reader, till the end of the book. Her affections waver very prettily between the chivalrous and noble De Bassenvelt, and the seductive and quiet apprentice, Lambert Boonen, till she and the reader are both exceedingly relieved by the disclosure that they are one and the same. It is a beautiful story, really, and smacks more of the old, redolent invention of the time of the "throned vestal," than anything we have lately seen.

WE observe by the Court Journal that Mr. Praed, the author of the *Teufel Haus* and other things quoted in our last number, is returned a member of the British Parliament. Bulwer has, we believe, come lately to the same honor.

WE see by the same polite hebdomadal, that the word "*money*" is become vulgar, and is now universally disembowelled, and written "m——y," or supplied by a periphrasis, such as "trifling settlement," "unworthy consideration," "rascal counters," and such like well bred allusions.

It is said that the Editor of one of the London Magazines which contain engraved likenesses of noble ladies, has retired upon a splendid fortune drawn mainly from his private perquisites—*i. e.* the prices paid by his fair subjects for this title page immortality.

A GROUP of statuary by our talented countryman GREENOUGH is expected here shortly from Italy. From the rareness of his peculiar talent, as well as the great excellence we are told he has attained abroad, this group of "CHANTING CHERUBS" (we believe that is the subject) will be one of great interest. Cooper the novelist is the purchaser, and they are exhibited for the sculptor's emolument. MR. AUGUR's group of JEPHTHAH AND HIS DAUGHTER is about finished also, and we understand will be exhibited in the several cities. Mr. A. is an entirely self-taught artist, who has practised sculpture without model or tools, except such as his own invention suggested, and we do not hesitate to pronounce his works wonderful. We earnestly request every one to go and see both these exhibitions of native art. If we cannot *buy* the productions of these talented men, the least we can do is to pay the trifling tribute of notice and encouragement which is in every one's power, and which is so necessary to genius struggling under the embarrassments of a pursuit which, beautiful and refined as it is, is almost unknown among us.

A VOLUME of Poems is in the press, by ANDREW LEIGHTON PICKEN. We have read extracts from it very far above the

common level of poetry, displaying much richness of description and knowledge of verse.

MR. PIKE has also a volume in the press, and we need not speak of him to our readers. His "Hymns to the Gods," published in this Magazine, and other things with the signature of his initial, speak for themselves. He is a very young man, but a very bold, forcible, profuse poet, and will soon win himself a better reputation than criticism can give him.

THE talk of the town for the last two or three weeks has been the "Cadet Ball." We intend to save our own particular observations upon that evening until we get time to "write a book." For the present we will only say, that the whole interior of the Theatre was occupied by a magnificent white cotton marquee, circular *over the pit* (an ominous place to dance, as they would say at the conventicle) and extending the whole depth of the stage in a square of beautiful proportions—the whole hung with streamers, colors, arms, pictures and ribands, disposed with excellent grace and fancifulness. The entrance was by a winding grove of fir trees, dim and mysterious, and the sudden burst into the blaze of light was positively matter of magic. Between the two entrances stood an immense pier glass, so situated as to reflect the whole perspective, and in just such a light, that there was no refraction, and every body walked up to it, and stood for his own likeness to pass by. A friend of ours stood for some minutes looking at his own reflection, and wondering who that could be in the other room that resembled him so singularly. The music was invisible—hidden among the firs—and a second band played in the long Saloon up stairs, where Gallagher, that prince of supper-givers, had spread his Tables with every quaint device and solid comfort for the creature, in his own infallible taste. The wine was good, and the company was good, and everything went off harmonious as fairy-revels, and quite as bewitching, and when the "uniforms" broke up towards breakfast time, we can kiss the book that there was neither regret to be felt, nor "gentlemen to be sent home on shutters."*

* We picked up a bracelet on that evening just after the first waltz, and we have not yet discovered the delicate wrist (it was a very small one) from which it parted. It lies upon our Table hidden *perdu* in a sonnet to the unknown owner, and will be delivered, (sonnet and all) at the slightest missive from the fair hand that clasps its fellow.

THE following graphic affair has come to us at the last moment, and we put it in without a second perusal. It is called "A Watch with the Dead :"—

Alone—with death? Ay, leave me to the watch
 Alone. Have I from boyhood feared to guard
 Her pillow? Have we not together watched
 'Till yon chaste moon had passed her threshold on
 The hills? Oh! could I with a sculptor's touch,
 Congeal these perfect limbs into their pure
 And kindred alabaster, she should stay
 My altar-piece, and still, as now, with this
 Sweet marble smile help on my thoughts to heaven.
 Alone—freed spirit! thou familiar essence,
 That just now mingled thought and heart with me
 So close we deemed we could not part—thou, that
 Wert joyful aye in others' joys, and in
 Their sadness sorrowful,—watch I alone?
 Or linger ye in airy presence near,
 Communing with my lonely thoughts with glance
 Of intuition quick :—Or bend ye here
 Above this fair, familiar tenement,
 Inhabited no more, yet smiling still
 As if its vestal fires were scarce all out?

And this is death!—and this the pageantry
 With which he comes! Hath he no solemn pall
 To veil withal the joyous earth we loved,
 That smiles and shineth on in mockery?
 The moon goes on—and from her queenly walk
 Amid the stars, looks in as she was wont,
 Once more to kiss with an approving beam
 This swan-white bosom, and these pencilled lashes.
 The sinless stars gaze still, with pity such
 As twinkles in the filling tear, to this
 Their fellow orb, so fallen, so low engulfed
 From where with them it first was hung. Still, too,
 Here at the window, prates the sleepless rill
 All night its watery soliloquy;—
 "Time hath its ripple," it sings, "hear ye not?
 And life its pulses, mark ye not their lapse?
 And wide eternity awaits their streams—
 And ocean mine." Thus all things while their being
 Away, as if Death strode not 'mong the haunts
 Of men, dismissing wide his arrows there.

'Tis done! In youth's spring-time of full-blown promise,
 While life was fragrant, fresh and beautiful,
 Hath God replucked the blossom for himself.
 Love kindled in the brimming eyes of Heaven,
 And gladness swelled the holy bosoms there,
 As, bounding to her crystal battlements,
 They bent, watching the messengers that flew

On love-spied wings to bring the flower. Lo! still
They bend. The airy troop hath just now cleft
The sky again, and, grouped around their trust,
In choral glee mount up. Lo! now they brush
With onward wing the farthest stars, till Heaven
With bending ear catches the nearing chorus—
Now—now! wide ether lightens with the flash
Of outspread wings that rush to join the triumph,
And welcome to a seraph's seat the ransomed guest.
Ay, she, the glad at heart and pure in thought,
The spotless flower that flung its tendrils round
Our hearts, its beauty on our path—blossoms now
In paradise. But oh! how tardy is
The loitering heart to loose its hold and be
Convinced! still turning back, anon, as some
Poor, wounded dam, whose bleeding bowels yearn
For her snared young, and bid her dare again
The hunter's murd'rous shot. Compassionate Heaven
Attempts thus th' approach of grief, that it
May gently bend, not break us to its will.
The whelming wave in merciful recoil
Swings back, giving the drowning heart a space
To breathe, and climb the rock of safety for
Some higher cleft.

Lo! you might guess she slept,
Dreaming with fluttering heart of innocent love;
Or that her smile, may be, in loftier trance
Was fixed, did not those silent halls still seem
To startle with the wind of passing wings.
Ay, each familiar thing that knew her step
Puts on a dumb and solemn decency,
And quests me, as I pass, why it hears not
Her merry voice and blithely tripping tread.
Where now the cunning spells of drop and drug
Here yesterday—the vain decoys with which
Hope promises to lure the spirit's stay,
And bribe mortality of death? And why,
Instead, breathes up this lamp, like prayer that has
Been whispered here, its lone, still flame?

List!—list!

The tip-toe tread—the slowly lifted latch—
The cautious waive, and finger on the lip,—
Each—each suppressed alacrity of heart
And hand hath sunk around—sunk down, from Hope's
High level, to cold Sorrow's rayless seat
Of bitterness and tears. Insidious Death!
How stealthy is the tyrant's bony step!
The heel that treadeth out our clustered hearts
As if the bosom were his wine-press—why,
It hath as feathery a fall, as her's
Who tript in Summer's glee, with naked feet
Along this floor! Oh! there's a silence left

In the bereaved heart, when those soft sounds
 That woke its readiest chords have ceased, deep as
 The solitude's whose bird hath flown—as drear
 As the lone glen awoke by some shrill axe
 To mourn a lost, familiar tree. The light
 Foot-fall of young, elastic limbs,—the song,
 Th' unconscious melody of innocent hearts,—
 They lull us, like the wandering airs of Spring
 Among the wind-harp's strings, with harmonies
 So soft they are scarce heeded 'till they cease.

With what a gentle care doth pitying Heaven
 Distil upon her own the dew of death!
 Dismissing Hope to break earth's mists away,
 And keep unveiled her gemmed and waiting gates.
 Lo! like the vision of a sculptor's dream,
 As spotless, calm, and beautiful she sleeps!
 Fresh from the chisel of His hand who willed
 To fashion her, and lodge His image there.
 And mark, in this fixed seraph smile, which Hope
 Hath with her finger dimpled here, the seal
 Reclaims His handiwork.

Sweet Hope!—thou fleet
 And ardent carrier-dove of love 'twixt Heaven
 And man! Aye welcome to my fancy's view,
 With youthful form and angel mein, is that
 Last lingering minister to stricken hearts.
 Sweet is the full-orbed promise of her eye;
 And sweet the heavenward pointing of her hand;
 And cheerful aye th' elastic odour of
 Her step, th' impetuous hurry of her wing;
 But sweeter far that steadfast smile, the couch
 Of brooding pain and death beside! And then—
 When life burns faint—that last kind attitude,
 The bowed ear, and beckoning hand, that saith,
 Life struggles in its socket waveringly
 And dim, but still will I wait here. On that
 Low, fluttering breath the spirit passed!—and Hope
 With hasty touch, leaves on the parted portal
 Her finger's holy seal, then hand in hand
 Guides up the ransomed seraph's flight to Heaven.

New Haven, March 1, 1831.

ZETA.

WE have had the pleasure of seeing two or three portraits lately completed by Miss Jane Stuart, (daughter of the late celebrated artist.) In the fine lounging season just approaching, we can recommend no pleasanter disposal of a luxurious half hour to our friends, than in a visit to her rooms in High Street. There is great fidelity in her likenesses, and her taste in drapery is, as a woman's should be, very superior. We cannot believe that a daughter of Stuart's could be com-

pelled to leave us for want of patronage, even were her merit far less decided than it is.

WE once more condole with the prophets of criticism. We are alive to commence on a third year of our impertinent existence. This is No. xii. Vol. ii.—(mark that, gentlemen croakers!)—and our next number will be issued with a warm heart towards every guest at our Table. We shall publish hereafter under more favorable auspices—changing our publishers for others more in the way of forwarding such matters, and we trust the irregularities of which some of our distant subscribers complain in the reception of their magazines, will be promptly and effectually remedied. We owe a particular apology to our Albany subscribers on this point, and we trust our numerous friends in that city will forgive our manifold late-comings during the last year, in consideration of the provision for the future. We mean among other things to restore some of the finest of the fine old stories from the ancients, illustrating human passions in their boldest forms, and with the following as a specimen, we conclude the present number.

PARRHASIUS.

“Parrhasius, a painter of Athens, amongst those Olynthian captives Philip of Macedon brought home to sell, bought one very old man; and when he had him at his house, put him to death with extreme torture and torment, the better, by his example, to express the pains and passions of his Prometheus, whom he was then about to paint.”—*Burton's Anat. of Mel.*

THERE stood an unsold captive in the mart,
A gray-haired and majestic old man,
Chained to a pillar. It was almost night,
And the last seller from his place had gone,
And not a sound was heard but of a dog
Crunching beneath the stall a refuse bone,
Or the dull echo from the pavement rung
As the faint captive changed his weary feet.
He had stood there since morning, and had borne
From every eye in Athens the cold gaze
Of curious scorn. The Jew had taunted him
For an Olynthian slave. The buyer came
And roughly struck his palm upon his breast,
And touched his unhealed wounds, and with a sneer
Passed on, and when, with weariness o'erspent,
He bowed his head in a forgetful sleep,
Th' inhuman soldier smote him, and with threats
Of torture to his children summoned back
The ebbing blood into his pallid face.

'Twas evening, and the half descended sun
Tipped with a golden fire the many domes

Of Athens, and a yellow atmosphere
 Lay rich and dusky in the shaded street
 Through which the captive gazed. He had borne up
 With a stout heart that long and weary day,
 Haughtily patient of his many wrongs,
 But now he was alone, and from his nerves
 The needless strength departed, and he leaned
 Prone on his massy chain, and let his thoughts
 Throng on him as they would. Unmarked of him,
 Parrhasius at the nearest pillar stood,
 Gazing upon his grief. Th' Athenian's cheek
 Flushed as he measured with a painter's eye
 The moving picture. The abandoned limbs,
 Stained with the oozing blood, were laced with veins
 Swollen to purple fulness; the gray hair,
 Thin and disordered, hung about his eyes,
 And as a thought of wilder bitterness
 Rose in his memory, his lips grew white,
 And the fast workings of his bloodless face
 Told what a tooth of fire was at his heart.

* * * * *

The golden light into the painter's room
 Streamed richly, and the hidden colors stole
 From the dark pictures radiantly forth,
 And in the soft and dewy atmosphere
 Like forms and landscapes magical they lay.
 The walls were hung with armor, and about
 In the dim corners stood the sculptured forms
 Of Cytheris, and Dian, and stern Jove,
 And from the casement soberly away
 Fell the grotesque long shadows, full and true,
 And, like a veil of filmy mellowness,
 The lint-specks floated in the twilight air.

Parrhasius stood, gazing forgetfully
 Upon his canvass. There Prometheus lay,
 Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus,
 The vulture at his vitals, and the links
 Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh,
 And as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
 Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows wild
 Forth with its reaching fancy, and with form
 And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye,
 Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
 Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip
 Were like the winged God's, breathing from his flight.

“Bring me the captive now!
 My hand feels skilful, and the shadows lift
 From my waked spirit airily and swift,
 And I could paint the bow
 Upon the bended heavens—around me play
 Colors of such divinity to-day.

Ha! bind him on his back!
Look! as Prometheus in my picture here—
Quick—or he faints!—stand with the cordial near!
Now—bend him to the rack!
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh!
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

So—let him writhe! How long
Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!
What a fine agony works upon his brow!
Ha! gray-haired, and so strong!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!

"Pity" thee! So I do!
I pity the dumb victim at the altar—
But does the robed priest for his *pity* falter?
I'd rack thee though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine—
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?

"Hereafter!" Ay—*hereafter*!
A whip to keep a coward to his track!
What gave Death ever from his kingdom back
To check the skeptic's laughter?
Come from the grave to-morrow with that story,
And I may take some softer path to glory.

No, no, old man! we die
Ev'n as the flowers, and we shall breathe away
Our life upon the chance wind, ev'n as they.—
Strain well thy fainting eye—
For when that bloodshot quivering is o'er,
The light of heaven will never reach thee more.

Yet there's a deathless *name*!
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And like a steadfast planet mount and burn—
And tho' its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it won me—
By all the fiery stars! I'd pluck it on me!

Ay—though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst—
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first—
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild—

All—I would do it all—
 Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot—
 Thrust foully in the earth to be forgot—
 Oh Heavens—but I appal
 Your heart, old man! forgive—ha! on your lives
 Let him not faint!—rack him till he revives!

Vain—vain—give o'er! His eye
 Glazes apace. He does not feel you now—
 —Stand back! I'll paint the death-dew on his brow!
 Gods! if he do not die
 But for *one* moment—one—till I eclipse
 Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

Shivering! Hark! he mutters
 Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—
 Another? Wilt thou never come, oh Death!
 Look! how his temple flutters!
 Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
 He shudders—gasps—Jove help him—so—he's dead."

* * * * *

How like a mounting devil in the heart
 Rules the unreined ambition! Let it once
 But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
 Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought
 And unthrones peace forever. Putting on
 The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns
 The heart to ashes, and with not a spring
 Left in the desert for the spirit's lip,
 We look upon our splendor and forget
 The thirst of which we perish! Yet hath life
 Many a falser idol. There are hopes
 Promising well, and love-touched dreams for some,
 And passions, many a wild one, and fair schemes
 For gold and pleasure—yet will only this
 Balk not the soul—Ambition only gives
 Even of bitterness a beaker *full*!
 Friendship is but a slow-awaking dream,
 Broken at best—Love is a lamp unseen
 Burning to waste, or if its light is found,
 Nursed for an idle hour, then idly broken—
 Gain is a grovelling care, and Folly tires,
 And Quiet is a hunger never fed—
 And from Love's very bosom, and from Gain
 Or Folly, or a Friend, or from Repose—
 From all but keen Ambition, will the soul
 Snatch the first moment of forgetfulness
 To wander like a restless child away.

Oh if there were not better hopes than these—
Were there no palm beyond a feverish fame—
If the proud wealth flung back upon the heart
Must canker in its coffers—if the links
Treachery-broken, will unite no more—
If the deep-yearning love that hath not found
Its like in the cold world must waste in tears—
If truth and fervor and devotedness
Finding no worthy altar, must return
And die with their own fulness—if beyond
The grave there is no Heaven in whose wide air
The spirit may find room, and in the love
Of whose bright habitants the lavish heart
May spend itself—*what thrice-mocked fools are we!*

END OF VOL. II.